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163 *Repair*
UNCLE TOM AT HOME.

662 *Some covers*

A REVIEW

OF THE

REVIEWERS AND REPUDIATORS

OF

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Handwritten signature
F. C. ADAMS,

LATE OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

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Preface.

When Chivalry speaks, let Humanity be dumb. At any rate, let it have patience.

There is peculiar need. Two evils, unparalleled in extent and exquisite in degree, grew and bloated under the sun: men systematically purged of all manhood but the sinews of manhood—men using up their own souls in performance of the operation. Not to-day only, and yesterday, but years and years these evils have existed. Not a few men, but thousands and tens of thousands, armies of men, through many generations, have been involved in them: as many as would make heaven populous, perhaps—or hell. But as no wrong can endure for ever, these evils have at last become rotten ripe; and a woman, a "little Yankee woman," full of goodwill alike to those who suffer and those who inflict, since they are equally unfortunate, has endeavoured to do away the wrong by showing how heavy an indignity is cast on man, how gross an indignity on the *Sex of man*.

When the terrible expiations of the Yankee woman

called out the indignation and the tears of all Europe, and the earnestness and kindness of her intreaties to have the iniquity abolished, for the sake of both slave and slave-maker—for everybody's sake, in fact, all round—created universal respect, it might have been supposed that the supporters of the wrong would have promised to consider of it, at least; and, meanwhile, have been thankful. That, however, does not appear to be the case. Turning an impudent front upon the whole remonstrant world, these slave-makers, the chivalry and flower of free America, assert the Christianity and benevolence of their trade; and, at the civiliest, beg Humanity to mind its own business. Niggers are not whipped to death so often as it supposes; and if they are, haven't the owners got to bear the loss! Negroes rather like to live on a peck of corn a-week than otherwise. Families are never separated; and you're a liar!

So fiercely is remonstrance beaten back by those whose share in the evil is the shame and the sin; so fiercely, that a man who writes such a book as the present does so at personal risk larger than the law can cover. But if they really believe that it is chivalric to make money by the sorrow of little children, if they do indeed hold it in strict unison with the love of Christ and the laws of his Church to worm away the souls of men in order more safely to sell their carcasses, as a thief destroys the mechanism of a watch to

molt its cases—why, perhaps it is not worth while to take any further trouble. Liberty of opinion for ever! especially religious opinion. On the other hand, however, those whose share of the evil is the suffering may not be included under this view. In the hearts of even the most degraded, some lingering remembrance of manhood, some inklings of a whileom soul, may protest. Certainly, their abused bodies do, scarred with the stars and scored with the stripes of free Americans; and, in lack of any stronger, that dumb protest is enough, perhaps. And society having taken it up in their behalf, not the mail-bound insensibility of chivalric oppressors, nor obstinacy, nor denial, nor impudence of any kind, affords sufficient reason to abandon it. Over and over again, in ears never so deaf—over and over again, before eyes never so blind, must the cries of the oppressed be made to ring, and their blood be made to flow. And who knows but some impalpable sense of what efforts are being made on their behalf has already dawned like unexpected morning on those who stumble and fall in the darkness of slavery? If so, on us will lie the guilt of adding disappointment to sorrow if ever that dawn return upon the East, if ever the promise of day be broken, and darkness for them again cover the earth.

UNCLE TOM AT HOME.

THAT book of books that has passed the ordeal of all scribblers, from the lordly down to the penny-a-liner, still continues unharmed. It has afforded many themes for little genius, and great points for great men, who have poured out their vehemence against it only to give it greater pre-eminence. And now that Southern criticism has exhausted itself, ceased its struggles, and yielded its force to Northern champions, who out-southern Southerners in the front rank of the pro-slavery charge, what are they doing? From the sagacious political reviewer, who has heaped his vengeance upon its pilgrim head, it has passed to the more amiable *monthlies*, who have hitherto contented themselves with pleasant musings, and governed their modesty to please fair ladies. These latter, with Godley and Graham's godly numbers combined, have assumed the sponsorship, and aspire to do for the South what the South will not do for herself—uphold the wrongs of slavery. Their motive is their own. We shall pass it; and if their hopes be realised, let us trust the

recompense will be applied to a good cause. Since it is so, we claim a right to make a few remarks from a home source—a simple, comparative review, which can neither offend nor injure a good cause.

But let us ask, Why has South Carolina shown such manifold earnestness in her rebukes against a "Yankee woman's" little book? Her sensitive chivalry seems shocked; the theory of her fortunes is told; truth is uncomfortable, and her slave philosophy quails beneath its influence. Her best panegyrists have come forth to preserve her honour, disclosing the secret of making base spirits noble, and, with singularly potent and persuasive sunny effusions, plead the intensity of their love for truth. Are they sincere?

Poor "Uncle Tom," like a pilgrim on his weary way, still continues through Christendom. What a lie-reading world this of ours must be, if Southern statements be true!

But if South Carolina criticism be true, why not give it to us by a rule of consistency? not by that vain flourish that would encircle wrong with an excessive brightness, and make South Carolina the principality of the South.

This little State, first colonised by a people who made the love of liberty an issue with their mother-country, sounding their patriotism for freedom in plaintive song, were first in attempting to make slaves of the aborigines. They first proved their pretensions

to be false; and, without exhibiting the smallest portion of that Christian toleration upon which they had based their prayers in the mother-country, forget themselves in their selfish designs, and turned what was a grievance to them into an oppression of others. Up to this present time, this little State, so insignificant in the federal compact, and whose *black laws* have no counterpart in the statutes of Christendom, has exhibited a restlessness of spirit which it is impossible for the common reader to comprehend upon political principles. We can only find a similarity in that which the demagogue displays, when he seeks to ride himself into position only to become a greater instrument of tyranny than the established power which he seeks to overthrow. No State in the Federal Union has sought, with such extravagant prayers for freedom, to estrange herself from the compact; basing her grievances upon federal injustices, her love of freedom, free trade, and uncontrolled State sovereignty; and yet no State has exhibited such shameful disrespect of human rights, or the rights of other States and nations. To such an unwarrantable extent has she carried these reckless and impassioned disregards of the rights of others, that she has become abhorrent to her sister States; and while she asserts her melancholy opinions, claiming for herself the very principles of liberty and law which she withholds from seven-tenths of her population, she is first to trample them under foot,

And she seeks to protect her own criminal barbarity with unscrupulous insincerity; and her sons, proclaiming themselves statesmen *in extenso*, ask the sympathy of the world for the despotism of their State, while their feet reek with the blood of the oppressed.

The criminal trembles when truth is deposed against him; so it is with those who oppose the material subject of this book, reviewing it upon technicalities instead of principle; and thus South Carolina, more sickly than her sisters, calls loudest for a physician.

The truth lays prostrate at her own door; and her defenders make her wrongs right with the beauty of abstractions, rather than acknowledge the evil, and create justice the guardian of power. The simple truth has found its way, amid her hampered necessities, to the very fountain of material wrong, kindling the inventive ambition of her valiant sons; and unblushing in that shame which sets the moralist and philanthropist at defiance, they come forward to the world to tell it of pious slavery and its joys.

If slavery be full of joy and piety, why nurture that spirit, so manifestly your own, that would plunge a dagger to the heart of him who dare speak *liberty* in your streets? These loud acclamations, "soundings of joy," "beauties of truth," and domestic homilies, cannot awaken the sympathy of common-sense, much less the confidence of those who have been casual sojourners in the South.

But it may be asked, why do we take up the book?

We answer, because we have witnessed the manifest workings of that peculiar institution—seen the different phases of Southern life, and watched them in their changing attitudes. And while doing this, it was the fortune of our misfortunes to be placed where we could witness the misery, woe, suffering, and brutality of the slave system. Yea, not only the miseries of the slave system itself, but the dissolute and degraded condition which it entailed upon the poor, labouring whites. The *primrose* of a name has done much for the South, and yet all is not substance that glitters there; the legends of her shaded bowers, vast plantations, noble-hearted planters, with *human* wealth in store, are things that have lived in a name and died in the shadow.

To South Carolina, they are like the golden dream of her Southern Congress, and *home-prized* equanimity—things lost in their own existence. True generosity and hospitality have their foundations at home; and it becomes us to inquire how far we must credit the grandeur of those noble characteristics to those who would starve a human being at home, estrange the last stage of spent life, measure his peck of corn with mathematical exactness, and quibble over his task to sound a name abroad. Men who mount upon the higher impulse of popular ascendancy must maintain it by justice and right; they must second their pro-

stitutions with the patriotism of justice in its moral and legal qualifications; and they must first recognise the things that are around them, calling for the good will of man to man. The day has passed when men could mount some high-born pinnacle and sound their stentorian voices in behalf of the moral grandeur of an institution, when its hideous vices stared them in the face at every turn. Such soundings have become ineffectual, their misconstructions too glaring, and the motive too boldly outlined to need a delineator. But we will discuss these things in their proper places.

The vivid recollection of many happy associations at the South, the friendship we have met, the kindness of those who knew us through public vicissitudes, and our well-known position, constrains us to touch many things as lightly as possible, and to pay all due deference to the fine-strung sensibilities of our brethren of the press. We take up the subject of the book in admiration of its truthful delineation of a species of Southern life, and the spirit of its intention—to point those who have gone before us, especially W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., to facts which are seemingly overlooked. Let us hope it was not intentional, nor shared in the hope of gain or fame.

The question is, *the book*—the “Yankee woman’s” book—its truth or falsehood.

Christendom has passed judgment upon it, and

South Carolina has repudiated it. Her chivalrous sons, from the poet and play-writer to the wayfaring scribbler, who throws his rite into the hopper to decorate the columns of the *Courier*, have volunteered their energy, fervour, and wisdom to thwart the influence of a "Yankee woman's" little book. There is a fanciful pleasure in cherishing these domestic offsprings, harmless abroad, and so in keeping with those spirit-burning toasts at home that they become the best and most valuable advertisements of the book. They carry the feelings of a vigorous minority into the keen senses of the distant observer, showing that the truth must be strong against a selfish institution, when so much fiery opposition is marshalled to repel such a small messenger.

Many of these harmless little flashes of the brain are beneath criticism, for they neither impart character, regard truth, nor plead the honest Southerner's cause.

Before we take up Mr. Simms' "Southern View," we must give a passing notice of that novel and particular point in a work—well digested in South Carolina—entitled, "Slavery as It Is, by a Carolinian," the accredited production of a Mr. P——, a member of the legal profession in Charleston, claiming caste in the higher walk.

* *Slavery as It is. By a Carolinian. Republished in Fraser's South Magazine.*

We will not charge Mr. P—— with want of forbearance in his mission, nor lack of profound devotion to his cause; for in these Mr. Simms would have added consistency to his review, had he copied his moderation. But, unfortunately for the genius of Mr. P——, he has shown the complex nature of his subject to be so great that he is troubled to find a beginning, and stop at the ending. Enjoining many good things upon an incurious and forbearing public, he seems to forget that, in displaying the beauty of amiable weakness, the object of the book is lost upon the mind of the general reader, and that which he intended for force is taken for speculation. The reader will ask us, What is Mr. P——'s object?

It is to prove that slavery enforces Christianity—in other words, that it is a divine transcendent. With his ascetic mode of reasoning, he has not classified the sources from which he has drawn this result, nor given us the difference between the established *morals* of true Christianity and the Christianity of usage made to conserve obedience. Nor has he descended to the latent power which holds the absolute force and intention of his own involuntary Christianity. The Southerner tells you 'twere well to Christianise his property because of its value, and as a better means of subjection. At the same time he tells you the Church is all humbug; and holding absolute power over the material object in question, he becomes the self-appointed apostle

of its Christian virtues. According to Mr. P——'s dictum, the whole force of this species of Christianity is dependent upon the moral character of the slaveholder; yet he has not given us the quality of that morality which, according to his own arguments, is to become the great regulator of his divine institution. We have no inclination to question the scale of morality with Southerners, nor its influence upon the slave, who, by necessity, studies his master's nature, and frequently copies his vices; but the proof against Mr. P——'s doctrine is too deeply founded in national sense to need any further strength of argument.

Nor do we want his mathematical and metaphysical conclusions, because there is a more simple mode of testing them; yet we are at a loss to know how Mr. P——, with his own private knowledge, could have arrived at such Christian conclusions, unless he has fallen into those by-gone errors of a forced theology, overlooking the truth of practical results, illustrated at his own door.

In all our intercourse with Southerners, we never heard one claim moral caste for the institution of slavery; but not unfrequently have we heard them denounce instances of outrage upon chastity, sustenance to the rights of the master, and beyond the remedy of law made to govern the outraged. With our knowledge of social life in Charleston, we feel no hesitation

in saying that Mr. P——'s erudition in behalf of the divine precepts of slavery will prove as novel to Southern readers as it will be forcible to those of more Northern sensibility. But the reader must remember that the quality, depth, and attributes of Christianity, according to the rule of progress, are at the present day measured by a scale of locality. That which is made the medium of an accommodating morality in Charleston, would be rejected as unwholesome by the sterner judgment of the New Englander. Thus education and association has made the difference.

Upon these considerations, we can be charitable with Mr. P——, and attribute his singular errors to the fact of having founded the sliding-scale of his Christian conclusions upon the texture of this species of morality—a morality opening a grand arena for the pleasures of those who wish to enjoy. It was fortunate for the author that his book came out at an unfortunate time, otherwise his reputation for literary pursuits would have reflected upon his legal abilities; yet there is nothing without its consolation, and Mr. P—— has his in a knowledge of his book being a book *for home*, and not for the critical observation of a reading public in this enlightened age. He has lost the medium which enlists the confidence of the common reader, in trying to bury the issue of natural law with the beauties of his pen—a fault much in vogue by those who consider themselves polished writers.

Had he traced the effect of a small minority governing a very large majority in absolutism, he would have qualified his moral disclosures, and made a small exception for those evils which must naturally arise from the force of power necessary to subject one to the will of the other. Or, if he had treasured his divine discoveries, contrasted them with the prospect of that majority being held in an absolute and abject condition, subject to the good or bad traits of the master's character—his positive will, changing fortunes, and those unforeseen events which have brought so many poor wretches into the hands of tyrants—he would have added force and consistency to his book, strengthening the better division of his cause. His efforts might have promised something in the future, instead of burdening his logic with the beauties of slave-life. His generosity would have had life; and he, with some plausibility, claimed a hopeful diffusion of spiritual life for his slave—and made the common reader believe there was truth in it.

Our object being to notice the book upon one point only—the only one upon which it claims attention—we shall give Mr. P—— a simple contrast, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. It is a simple and singular process of testing Mr. P——'s logic; but, having lived in his own neighbourhood, we will invite him to its standard of morality. We must direct ourselves to him personally.

Will you go with us into the innumerable bye-ways of your "sunny city?" They are lined with little cottages, inhabited by semi-Saxon females, whose flower-headed children know a father—not to recognise him as such, but to fear him. We will enter one, together! The picture around us is full of measured humbleness; shall we ask the unhappy woman who prides in being the mistress of a *gentleman*, who is her "friend?" No, we will not ask her, for custom has made it a social generality—we know! Let us trace him to his mansion, because they are things of common life. He has a pretty family there, and they go to church every Sunday. Certainly! there's no getting over that; and papa goes too, puts on one of the very best faces for Christian modesty, opens the prayer-book for dear wife, pats the little legitimates on the head, and reminds them of their duty to the good person's sermon. While this very necessary species of puritanism is manifesting itself below, his pensive mistress sits in the gallery, enjoying the sovereign contemplation of her own feelings. Around her are those little interesting intermixture, *doubted* and disowned, peering over the railing at "*daddy below*," like as many ferrets motioning about a stone wall; but they must not innuinate with their fingers.

There is a wide difference between the quantity and quality of Christianity; and the latter should be well judged before the former is credited.

We are treading on delicate ground; but must invite Mr. P—— to go further with us, and be a missionary among the specimens.

Which way will you go—east, west, north or south? We are now in the centre of the city, and the course is immaterial. The same prospect is before us in every street, lane, and alley, and on the Neck. Here are the demonstrators—you know them, and you must not shut your eyes, nor feel about for Christianity in the garb of slavery. Well; we'll step into Old Ned Johnson's on the Neck. It is a miserable rookery, but an average sample of those "*all around town*"—not excepting those attached to several princely dwellings. Don't stop at the door, because it "*ain't so neat as your own little place.*" Sit down on that primitive box by the fireplace. Yes, that's well; put your handkerchief over it. "*Ned don't keep things the nicest,*" nor does "*old misses lef um nuf to hab chare fo gemmen.*" Ned's simple story is a counterpart of what could be told by thousands in your city—at least seven-tenths of the coloured population of your city.

Ned is one of the cleverest "*old niggers*" about; black as a crow, honest as *any nigger*, "*for all niggers 'll steal,*" and has always worked *just like a nigger*. His wench, old Mamma, is as motherly an old "*thing*" as you ever did see, and Christian at that. Yes, just as sound as a nutmeg in her belief, and thinks she'll go to heaven just as "*straight as white folks.*" You must

see her, and learn from her the very best original ideas of Christianity ; give ear to her simple dialogue ; and if you comprehend her logic, it may assist in propping up your new system of Christianity, founded upon the slave law. Ned will go and bring her in.

While we are waiting, three young imps, as "black as vengeance," half-naked, and as dirty as wharf-rats, come scampering into the house—perfect pictures of Old Ned. They rummage about the cabin, and in the old basket where Ned keeps his "nigger-fodder," to find some corn-cake. "But da's nofin da ; no corn to make 'im wid." It's scratching times with Ned ; he's been laid up nearly a week with a lame arm, his time is running on, and that old widow A——m would grind his marrow-bones for the wages.

You say, "Well—we—know ; there's a good many hard cases about town, and especially these foreigners that buy slaves to profit by their increase, selling their own children in the market. But, good Lord, it wouldn't do to be everlastingly bothering yer head about the troubles between niggers and their masters. It's infernal unpopular ; you'd get yourself into a pretty fix about town."

Ned has returned, and, with a humble suavity, informs us that Mumma "come so soon." She's got some work at fifty cents a day, which will help to pay old misses for Ned's time. Let us ask Ned a few questions.

"How old are you, Ned?"

"Ha! hah! ha-e! Why, massa, hard fo'h tell dat. S'pose I's 'bout sixty som'ow. Old miss say 'ta'n't so by good pile. Lor, Ned know what old miss up to. Can't wuk nohow, massa, like when I out on old massa plantation; old miss know dat, but no lef 'im gone—drive old Ned jus so yet."

"Where do you work, Ned?"

"I stows cotton on de waf. Ize fuss-rate at dat; gets dollar and seven-pence a day."

"How much a month do you give old missis for your time—clear share?"

"Why, Lor, massa, dat 'quire some calatin. When old massa lib, an' I cumes down to wuk ater all done gone on plantation, den I pays old massa twenty dollars ebey mont. Old massa good old boss; when Ned did 'im up right, gin um dollar now and den!"

"We don't care about that; we want to know what you pay now!"

"Well, old massa die—good old soul! You now'd him, Mass P——, dat you did. Den Massa Genl. Hamilton cum cecutor ob de 'state; he no'd t'warn't right, an' e jus make old miss content 'ersef wid sixteen dollars."

"Do you support your wife and family with the balance?"

"Sartin—must do dat; an' old miss such straight Christian make Ned gib fo'h dollars fo church ebe

year. Old miss look right sharp fo cash. Put 'em up in jail once, den send 'em to wokhouse, and give 'em *bringer*, cus lef wages run pass one week! Lor, massa, Old Ned seen some 'ard time in 'is life—tell you dat. But my old woman gals got fuss-rate friends—*help some, old mies know dat.*"

"Ah! how's that? What's the difference between your children and her children?"

"Whew! mighty site, massa, you know dat. *Don't* take no 'losopher what own slaves to reckon!"

"How long have you been married, Ned?"

"Massa, jus long nuf t' hab dem tree," pointing to the woolly-headed imps who had huddled into the fire-place. "Old woman hab two '*bright gal*' fo I marry her!" he continues with emphasis.

"Oh yes! She was a widow when you married her."

"Massa, I sees yes green, sin't liv souf long nohow. Old massa know all 'bout dem gal. He says gwine to let 'em free when 'e die; but *Buckra* very unsartin, an' 'e don know if 'e die wen he gwine to. Old miss watch dat, an' put 'em fo'h true. Boff on 'em be mighty likely gals."

"Well, Ned, where is Nancy now?"

"Lor, massa, you knows; her friend keep big store on *de Bay* (street next the wharfs). "Da sin't no bigger geman den he 'bout town."

"Did he buy her from old missis?"

"He did dat—gin her nine hundred dollar. Nancy get right smart boy now, jus as bright as you is, massa."

"Misses always goes to church—does she, Ned?"

"Yah! yah! yah! she wat do dat. Neber hear church-bell ring widout see old misses gwine."

"Honest Christian! What a pleasure there is in faith!" thought we.

"Did she ever sell you, Ned?"

"Old misses get strange 'bout two year ater old massa die, and sell me way down Christ Parish—get right good heap for me den. But, Lor, massa, dey work nigger down da anyhow, and don't gin notin to eat nohow. It ain't no way to make nigger wuk so. No bacon to grese 'e troat wid, and stick de lash to 'e back so! I mose dead in two years, and beg old miss to buy me back, cos I warn't wuf much nohow."

"What did they feed you on, Ned? and what were your Christian principles?"

"Just what all massas gib nigger down yonder—peck corn every week—nofin else. Massa, how I gwine to be Christian? No lef 'em read—no church; and Massa Carl say work for sef on Sunday, get bacon. Massa take 'e dog an' go hunt Sunday. Nigger work 'e own *patch* for get bacon and 'lasses. Mighty few planters what gib nigger bacon down Christ Parish."

"Couldn't you steal, Ned?"

"Why, massa, jes fece to dat—do hi warn't Christian."

Buckra-man say all nigger steal—s'pose I jes well own him. But, massa—nigger don't steal wus den Buckra gin him same chance for nuff to eat. But 'e mighty dangerous business fo nigger. We tefe Massa Genl. Quattlebum hog down swamp one night. Massa Genl. hear de serpent squeal, an cum wid 'e gun. Whiz! ziz! ziz! de way he shoot 'em wid 'e double-barrel mose kill Jef an' me—den old massa *buck** de whole on us next mornin'. Lor, I beg old miss take me back, so I see my old woman. Old miss tink sometime by-'n-bye feel like Christian an' did 'em straight. Iz a Christian now, massa, an' wanted to be one den; but old massa no lef 'em nohow."

* A singular mode of punishment practised by many planters and slave-dealers in South Carolina. The victim is stripped, his hands and ankles manacled, his hands drawn over his knees, bringing the body into a recumbent position. A piece of wood is then placed in the socket of his knees, which, bearing upon the inner side of his arms, completely disables him. He is then thrown upon the floor, like a sheep bound in the slaughter-house. While in this disabled and excruciating position, a wooden instrument of torture is applied upon the posteriors; this is to save the quality of the property, which might be more doubtful if the lash were applied to parts of the back and shoulders. We remember a singular exhibition of this mode of punishment, that came under our observation in the city of Macon, Ga. There were nine victims in all—pieces of human property, all exposed in a beastly manner, and undergoing the punishment: three of them were females. The master (owner of the property) who was inflicting this punishment to distort an acknowledgment from them in regard to a piece of ham that had been stolen, assured us that he was a very humane man, a Christian, and a member of the Methodist Church. Habit is a wonderful transformer of men's feelings. We were particularly struck with it from the force of this man's cool remarks upon his modes of punishing the property.

Here comes old Mamma; a description of her is unnecessary—we only want her simple experience in our author's theology. She has been a hard worker in virtuous toil, and yet she struggles to get the price of a corn-cake and a little hominy. Two beautiful "bright gals" follow her. They are finely formed, with classic faces, features well-developed, and enlivened by the striking beauties of Saxon birth. One seems a few years older than the other; neither look like Mamma, and yet they are hers. She's right glad to see us; but her domicile is the index of poverty, and she feels conscious that she cannot receive us properly. But we must know her experience.

"Mumma, what has made you a good Christian?"

"Don know dat? Why, de Lord! dat jus as sartin as Massa Buckra preach."

"Well, Mumma, whose girls are these?"

"Oh, dem mine, fa true: hab dem long time ago. Old massa high old boy den."

"And these little woolly-headed rascals—yours, too, Mumma?"

"Jus so true—Ned know dat."

"Ah, Mumma!"

"Why, Lor, massa, how I help him? Old massa own me den, an' e lash 'e back."

"Were you a Christian then, Mumma?"

"P—s—h! What you ax dat fo? How I be Christian wen massa no lef 'em! Iz go for church

den, our massa say he best ; and nigger alays like to ! Ater Ned and I gets married, so true, den I jines de church wid Ned—true Christian den !”

“Is your eldest daughter married, Mumma ?”

“Why, massa, she married jus like all bright gals. Her friend buy her of old missis long time ago. He rich geman—‘do well’ by her so far. God know, massa, how long he last so ! Buckra very unsartin in such tings. Just like ‘e marry somebody, den send she to old Massa Gadsden for sell.”

This is a simple mode of testing the quality of Mr. P——’s specific theology ; but we must proceed a little further.

“Does she go to church, Mumma ?”

“I wouldn’t be dat gal if she didn’t go to church—neber miss ‘em. She just de Christian what ‘Buckra man’ make her.”

“About this other one, Mumma—Christian, too ?”

“Why, massa, what make ‘e ax sich questions—ye ain’t parson nohow. Her ‘friend’ fuz-rate geman ; but ‘im done want nofin said ‘bout it cos he jine de church ‘osef. Old misses know it sartin so true.”

“Does old misses own her yet ?”

“Lor, yes ! Dat gal pay old miss four dollar ebe week—clare at dat.”

“There’s no doubt of old missis being a good Christian !”

“Massa, you know old miss—she’s jist the straitest

Christian ye ever seed ; say prayer an' reckon on what parson say wid de gospel straight in 'er eye."

Let us ask Mr. P—— if he can walk the streets of Charleston without these evidences staring him in the face at every step. Custom has tolerated them, and the most flagrant licentiousness finds an apology in his arguments. Go where you will, and you find this debasing moth spreading disease in the humble artisan's domicile, and gathering around the mazes of your social castes. Virtue has become divisional, prized in one sphere and invalid in another, and men treat it as a thing of little worth—*save* what serves the needs of home. This is commented upon at home, lamented, and even censured by your better citizens.

Why deny its existence? Time and space have become annihilated by the progress of the age. Men look for themselves ; and as you are not beyond the sphere of observation, they base their opinions upon the things of common observation. The proof, governed by this, places your arguments in an unable light, showing the weakness of your tenacity.

Were it not that we know the sensitive observation of the author, we might excuse the motive, and advise him to *study life in his own city*.

We have merely traced this mingling of the species on a retrograde scale ; if our learned friend wishes us to trace its mathematical details to the issue, bringing the lawful and social effects of the institution to

their proper place, we will do so. The task is no difficult one—a child may point to it with unerring aim; and yet he seems not to see it.

Let us go back to the Church; take these two interesting families, one sitting in the richly-cushioned pew, the other in the gallery. Reader, do not blush! We are only reasoning upon common principles of natural law—that is, according to the principles of Southern theology. Perhaps we should have particularised upon our own discernment, arranging the very fine traces of the combined fabric into classes, and defined the effect upon each. In this, Mr. P—— must excuse us; for having wandered beyond his own depths in material metaphysics, we have no inclination to follow him, resting our apology upon the plea of indefinite latitude, and the delicate colouring it would give to his licensed Christianity.

Between these families the laws of nature have made but a small division, yet established the same natural affections. By the laws and customs of slavery, a parent is made to disown his own natural offspring, instead of restoring them to a seat of elevation. Usage countenances the material wrong in the parents, makes the mother abject, and the father ashamed of its effects. The father sees the life-blood of his own being, but dare not recognise it, because its spiritual life is branded with shame. Its ambition becomes ineffectual, thus hung between law and custom—and in a majority of cases

deprives it of a higher transformation, making the misery that surrounds it more painful. Here the father is compelled to foster unnatural feelings to counteract natural affections—evading the natural and destroying the better qualifications of domestic goodness. This accounts for that unholy and worst phase of slavery—men selling their own children, which we have frequently witnessed, and heard denounced at the public *vendue*.

Thus, while Mr. P——* is struggling to establish a Christian adultery, these combined particles of Saxon and African nature are transforming themselves into a process of degeneration, hurried onward by a singular contrariety between law and custom. How is this? It is simply because these unfortunates have the same blood quickening through their veins that the legitimates have. They know them, with the feelings of brother and sister; but the ardour to breathe the love of brother and sister is rejected by a *point* of law and forced obedience.

Three of this law-distrained family are females, pretty, interesting, and "likoly." The pride of parentage burns within them; they speak of it, and cherish the phantom of a father's wealth; but they must only mention it to those of their class, or those who question them as friends. Here they are poised between the stimulant of pride and the force of shame.

* "Slavery in the Southern States," by a Carolinian.

Shall they cast themselves into 'Afrio's darkness, or proceed to transform themselves into a higher state of Saxon blood? They cannot do the latter, for the mother is the testor, and she continues to be a negro to the law, though her skin become as white as snow. She can be as black as any nigger, or as *white as any nigger*; and yet she is a nigger at last, entailing the same transcendent upon her offspring. The law rules by the mother; the father being a negative dependence. "Niggers" and white men are distinctive in the South, both in law and custom, without regard to the qualification of the latter or the contrasting tints of the former. This may be right if constructed to serve a moral purpose; but where it is made to conserve a medium of degradation, it becomes most intolerant.

We have seen negroes much *whiter* than whites, morally and sightly; and yet they were held by the thumb-screw of law the bond property of man. Some amusingly nice points of jurisprudence have been developed in South Carolina, where white men have been compelled to prove themselves such, in order to escape the escheator of the State. In these cases our learned judges display deep metaphysical research, and a knowledge of transmutability far above their legal erudition. But to these children.

In their own feelings they are not "niggers," and to call them such, intentionally or unintentionally, would be a painful offence; nor do they recognise their.

mother as such, although custom having placed her in the category, and by law the property of the master as well as his mistress, she can be nothing else. They talk of "niggers" just as we do, and aspire to something more graceful, repulsing the idea of associating with "darkies;" and, as a seeming necessity, find themselves entangled in a mistress's guilty love—by force, consent, sale, voluntary asperities, or by a false measure of friendship. They are all equally demoralising in their effects upon society, and may be traced to that force of law which gives one class power to hold another in an abject position, and makes necessitous the mother of shame.

If the father be a good, "generous-souled Southerner," he will do well by them, and their *friends* will see them "righted." At the same time they hang by a thread, subject to all the father's change of fortune, unforeseen incidents and impulse of feeling, and the capricious abandonment of "*friends*." They are still the property of his estate, and the objects of administration; and the worst features of their misfortunes is that which subjects them to the will of executors and the avarice of heirs. We have seen this painfully carried out. If Mr. P—— wishes us to cite cases, we will refer him to the judicial records of his own district.

He has given us a book setting forth the divine love of Christian adultery, over which John Bunyan might have wept in mimic sorrow, and Whitefield

shown his love for Bible texts. As "God is love" to those who love him, so our author must have imagined his book a sunny legend of loveliness, domestic piety, and goodwill for those who flatter his logic while enjoying the benefit of its elements. But let us admit, for argument, that this property remains in *statu quo*; does not seven-tenths of it, after suffering a series of abandonment by "friends," realise its deplorable condition, and seek a lower association than the "miserable nigger?" Our observation has brought us to this conclusion: thus in that phase of slave-life it is working to the worst retrograde state. This is the most practical result; sometimes it is otherwise; and if they fall into strange hands and are sent off—to where, is not for the every-day business man to know—they live to eke out a miserable life of which the New Englander has no conception.

Now, Mr. P——, can you stand in a city where this is but a feeble picture on the panorama that is every day moving before your eyes, and contradict your own feelings by statements that astound common-sense? Can you see specific and legalised vice stalking abroad at noon-day, filling your bye-ways and market-places, enveloping it in a mantle of crime at night, and tell us it is not so? Had you listened to the independent voice that denounced it, in Hibernian Hall, a few months ago, pointing out those who gave it life and fostered its corruption, and noted the unpopular

feeling that awaited him, you would have found exceptions for Christian slavery, saving the expense of that theology which you have founded upon the ruins of morality.

Examine its complex system where you may—in the parlour, among the mechanics, in the field, branches of labour about the city, or in the mistress's humble shelter—the same effects of necessity and blasted emblems of social life are there, living in the hope of Christian adultery. We trace the dark labyrinth where Nature's mystery hangs her veil, and there we find the cause. In that specific construction of law—made to concert power against a class whose lives are negative to themselves, and, while they assume to protect them, give them no access to them—these laws have but a statute existence, and are not only made null by the social complexion of society, but cease to be effectual through the prerogative and popular administration of common law. Trace the statutes of South Carolina from 1803 to the present time, and you will find them disposing the rights of the slave—founded upon fear, and made to subserve the white man's power. We mean those which refer to the coloured population, the Acts of the Assembly. So far as the female is concerned, her virtue is not her own, neither socially nor lawfully. This our learned friend will not deny, in face of the statutes and *city life as it is*.

We can forgive him through charity, charge his errors to that natural fault, local carelessness, and hope that he will become a good commoner, searching out the truths that surround his home, and use them for the grandeur of a pre-eminent name. Let us indulge the belief that, when he formed the thread of his divine work, he had been studying Bishop Butler, and became confused in comprehending the following passage :—"It was taken for granted that Christianity was not so much as a subject for inquiry, but was at length discovered to be fictitious. And men treated it as if this were an agreed point among all people of discernment."

Such Christianity is worthy of the protection of her State chivalry, lest, like the "southern press," it should die in the lap of her charity. It will die its own martyr ere it has truth for human ears.

The reader must not infer from what we have said that we charge any want of true piety to the coloured man. Our observation has fully convinced us that he is naturally pious, and, when separated from the dissipation and bad examples of his master, exhibits a fervency and devotion in his religious exercises that is truly refreshing; nor does he appear to enjoy the spirit of Christianity to its fullest extent unless he be allowed to display his peculiar excitement and joyousness. Nor must the reader judge that there is less oppression in the system because of their exhibitions

of pleasure on certain occasions. These arise from a variety of causes. It would be very strange if, among such a large population, there were not some outward manifestations of happiness. The good master allows his slaves certain recreations, which they are bound to regard in their behaviour. These are made the most of; and among city slaves, where so many opportunities are afforded for the servant to make himself respectable, these displays have a certain attraction about them which the superficial observer is apt to construe as the genial life of the system of slavery, and associations between slave and master. This has led very many persons to write pleasing episodes upon the South and Southern life, without analysing the deeper qualities of the system. The slave is stripped of all right, and, in one sense, is free from care; consequently, like the menial under an oppressive government, he exhibits more hilarity of spirits upon such occasions than the person led to think for himself, under the advantages of a free government.

We leave Mr. P——, his book, logic, and Christianity, to the common-sense of the common reader, and turn to W. Gilmore Simms's "Southern View."

Mr. Simms is a friend and brother—a scholar, and a gentleman of noble parts. He has done many good things for the literature of his country, and for the genius of his own State; but, in keeping with the neglect of its sons, they have been slow to acknow-

ledge it, notwithstanding the beauty of his imagination was forced into their senses by many a "well-said" notice.

In his "Southern View" of Mrs. Stowe's book, he has left the facts strewn around his own door unnoticed, and rambled through distant States for evidence against a "Yankee woman's" book, with too many truths for his own portfolio. Coming forward to lead a forlorn hope, those who smile at his ingenuity will not follow him, because they know the groundwork of his efforts. A few may share in his goodness, for it is comprehensive and kindly to their supposed interests, spreading a balmy atmosphere over their gains; but the deep-thinker wonders at his expectations. In the "wrath" of his surcharged brain, he has given to the "world" a "Southern View," which, could the world read it, would give him fame beyond his "Yemassee" or "Norman Morris." He has dogmatised the language of a lady, whose genius as a brilliant writer, at least, should have entitled her to common respect; he has depicted her motives as infamous, obscene, and false to the core. Could we have held his hand, and restrained him from dipping his pen in that cesspool of low tirade, he would not have tarnished his purpose while struggling to *touch* the reputation of a lady. He is the guardian of his own reputation; and if he has set it on a needle's point for the pleasure of the few and faithful of his own State, it needs no foreseeing efforts to discern the consequences.

We wish it were otherwise—it is our earnest wish ; for we have admired his amiable talent, noble nature, social qualities, and faithful motto. Pleased with the emanations of his mind, skimming the smoother surface of life, seldom ploughing into the rough soil, we have read them with interest. The lack in the picture of life was made up in the suffusion of language, and language that had meaning. It is upon these points that he has extended his comments on Mrs. Stowe's book, endeavouring to show her an inconsistent writer ; reviewing upon technicality instead of generality—upon point instead of *prima facie* construction. Let us say to those who read what we write that, when his more genial affections become quickened to a sense of the reality, his mild nature moves in its wonted sphere of contemplation, and chivalry resumes her lustre, he will look around him, and upon this "Southern View" which he has given to the world ; and, with pained feelings, wish it back to his "woodland home," to bury it beneath the unsold piles of his "Wigwam and Cabin."

The reading of his "View," its violating invective, sweeping disregard of material evidence, and struggling purpose, first called to our attention by a friend and admirer of his, prompted us to reply. In this we shall show that, in his vain endeavours to smother the realities of secret life in the South, he has played the unconscious fool with himself, ceased to respect his better feelings, and belied domestic wrong; that he has

wandered from his home intentionally, turned his back upon the things which belong to a novel-writer, for a purpose; and, struggling to drag in false policy, laid the scalpel deeper at the root of a good master's interest than Mrs. Stowe has done. And why?

Because he has denied the truth which stands recorded in his own district, and given the world a ribald tirade, bearing on its face the strongest evidence of gross inconsistency. That which denies the whole tenor of the book with one fell swoop, is the strongest evidence of an ultimate intention not consistent with honest criticism. The reader will detect it at a glance. How much better it would have been had he evinced more of Melancthon's loving nature, acted the part of a John Howard, going into his own city, and learning the miseries that there exist! He would have imparted honest intention, character, earnestness, and an anxiety for her welfare—perhaps reduced the number of five hundred guardsmen watching her fears.

Our first impressions of the book ("Uncle Tom's Cabin") were singularly different from Mr. Simms's; and we cannot help referring to them in this instance.

On its first appearance in Charleston, we were enjoying the contemplation of Southern politics and managerial life, their uncertainties and hopelessness. A little book which Mrs. Somebody had seen, a few had read, and everybody denounced as "awful," had come among us. It seemed like Babylon disentombed for

some mighty advent—a cry of horror ascending to heaven in behalf of the down-trodden slave. That the whole “nigger kingdom” of the South had been killed, smothered, torn to pieces by bloodhounds, ground up for bone-manure—that children dragged from mothers’ breasts, and whole plantations turned into slaughter-houses—we fully expected; and yet *nobody had read it*. We had seen some bright pictures in the secret life of the institution; yet we were moved with anxiety for the book, and sent to the North for a copy.

After a few days, a gentleman of the legal profession, whose literary discrimination upon the true merits of a book stands second to none in that city, brought us a copy that a friend had loaned him. “Have you read it?” said we. “Yes.” “Then what is your opinion of it?”

He answered us to the effect that it was different from what he anticipated; written with ease and natural simplicity; defective in style; rather of the Emerson school, with some of its scenes rather highly-coloured, probably for dramatic effect. “But read it, and let us have your opinion,” said he.

We read it carefully, and, as we continued from chapter to chapter, became more and more interested in it for its naturalness, correct portraiture of characters, inimitable dialogue, the freshness and life of its scenes, and the display of knowledge and grasp of

comprehension peculiar to that species of Southern life upon which the writer had founded her book. Forcibly struck with its redundant delineation, we said to ourselves, "Here is a book displaying remarkable genius. Is it from the pen of a lady novelist, who seeks to please and dazzle the imagination? Hardly. Her power has gone beyond that, showing an earnestness in a distinct cause, at variance with a novelist's efforts. She has embodied the sentiments of life with a depth of research that will not fall dead on the echo—a picture of life as it is, that will go beyond a flying sketch for the parlour pleasures of the common reader. She has enlisted the intelligent and practical; and, while they stand developed in reality, those who would blunder through a common sentence to quibble at her small defects, claiming it as the beauty of their criticism, may yet learn the power of truth from her lessons. There is even a beauty beyond this; for, in grouping her adjuncts together, she has clothed them with a pious sentiment which even the sceptic must admire. To give divine truth its force upon the susceptible mind, a writer cannot find a more direct route than by contrasting the depravity of vice with the beauties of Christian love: to do this, it becomes necessary to picture the coarse ruffian in his natural garb."

We reviewed and compared its scenes and events—parallel ones flashed into our mind at once; and we

recurred to them, one by one, as we followed her in the thread of her narrative. "Uncle Tom" upon Legree's plantation seemed the worst feature. Here Mr. Simms dwells at length, endeavouring to establish the impossibility of such an occurrence.

In order to correct his mistake, we will point him to counterparts in his own immediate neighbourhood. We had seen many noble, generous, and affectionate traits in the negro character, evincing a hospitality and Christian forbearance worthy of higher consideration than that we had seen manifested by the chivalry. We looked about for a Legree within the boundaries of South Carolina—Uncle Toms being numerous—so that we could trace his deeds to the judicial records, where the proof would be undeniable. There was no occasion to go into Georgia, Virginia, or Tennessee, we found one of the same name close at hand, upon James Island, S. C. ; and from thence we traced them in a circuit around the judicial circuit of the State. These cases are established beyond mere topics of common conversation ; and it is to them we propose to point Mr. Simms for the correction of his logical errors.

Again we recurred to the book, considering its spirit and intention, and the motive of the writer ; but, for the life of us, could not come to such a conclusion as that of Mr. Simms, that it was selfish, and intended to falsify the whole South, "foment heart-burnings and unappeasable hatred between brethren

of a common country, the joint heirs of that country's glory—to sow in this blooming garden of freedom,” &c. &c.

We viewed it in a different light, found her reflections replete with good feeling for the Southerner, and pointing with unmistakable aim to autocratic customs and laws, external grievances, internal dangers, and doctrines strictly at variance with true republicanism. No man can reason upon the laws of nature, and say that deep grievances cannot exist in an institution based upon the principle of one man being the property-holder of another. Admitting the property-holder be high-born, the unnatural power disposes his feelings in the aggregate, opens a confused system of society, spreads tyrannical vanity, strengthens the passions, and destroys the natural affections. It gives him the pleasure of his will, surrounds him with circumstances that no law can govern, making him the absolute monster of his own domicile. In this state of things, there must naturally be gross wrongs; and, if the local powers overlook them, it becomes those who are enlisted in the good of a common cause to point them out. This is the intention of Mrs. Stowe's book; and the object, aiming to correct, claims its rights, notwithstanding Mr. Simms's dictum to the contrary. And instead of being an “agreeable cicero,” she has breathed a soul of fervour into her cause, showing an interest, deep and fervent, in humanity's good, and

entitling her to the name of a good labourer in the field.

Mr. Simms has branded her as "a woman" with an "avaricious" object only. The chivalry of South Carolina, amidst all its boasting, displays its weak points in such a charge, and establishes a province of misgiving. Had it come from a low-bred man, destitute of education, an excuse might have been tolerated; but we cannot honour Mr. Simms with the same plea. That feeling and liberality which should characterise fellow-workers of the same art, had Mr. Simms shown, would have redounded to his credit, and governed him in that common respect due to the genius of a brilliant writer—much more a lady. Had he lived in an atmosphere where moral character and the genius of literature were properly appreciated, or where his own genius was respected, he would not voluntarily have cast himself into a gulf of errors, reproaching when praise was deserved. His feelings would have been saved from the world's review, and himself placed in a different position to that of *hand-fellow* in a bureaucratic wrong. He would have known more of Mrs. Stowe's position—compared the higher classes of society at the North with that hyper-aristocratical society of his own State, loathsome in licentious infirmity—remembering the text-book of etiquette before accusing a lady in the highest moral walks of life with "blasphemous" intentions.

In again recurring to the book and its appendix, we thought, "Has she doffed her modest robes and been with us, done as we have done—sat beside the slave-dealer—travelled with him on steamboats and railroads—met him on the highway with his gang chained in iron fellowship—listened to his self-appraised humanity rebutted by acts of *unconscious* brutality—heard him disclose, with *sang froid* shrewdness, the revolting system of his traffic, and awaiting the result, while drawing his feelings into the excitement of his history? Has she stood with us, studying the negro's native dialect with delight, while they were enjoying the extasy of a happy moment—watched the dwindling fortunes of the noble-hearted Southerner, and detesting the brute avarice of his grasping *broker*?" She has given us all these things with perfection, tracing the obligations of the one filling the fortunes of the other, with a truthfulness that no honest Southerner can deny. And she has ferreted out abuses—shown the intricate workings of the institution, and the mockery of laws made to govern it—with unexceptionable correctness. Had she watched the workhouse system of Charleston, and suffered in its prison, or gone into its poor-house, and seen the rough ends of human nature in their worst wretchedness, she could not have delineated them with more truthfulness.

That this species of mendacity stalks abroad unrestrained in the "queen city" of the sunny South, none

will deny; and with a knowledge of them, we gave our opinion of the book then, as freely and fully as we would now, in Boston or New York. We pointed our friend to instances well known to himself, many of which had furnished subjects for bitter comment; the evidence was satisfactory, because it was *at home*, and could not be denied in the face of *domestic* knowledge. Here exists a great wrong on the part of Southerners, known as good masters. They tell you they know their interests are promoted by the proper treatment of their slaves, acknowledge the existence of these grievances, comment upon them, and regret the bad master's mendacity; and, while neglecting to correct them, treasure an inveterate hatred against the voice that dare speak from abroad.

After a few days, we received a copy from the North, accompanied by a note, requesting our opinion of its merits, which we gave in a letter dated "Charleston, S. C., July 26, 1852." We wrote two letters on that occasion—they were very similar; and we make a few extracts from one of them, and can only say we have never had occasion to change our opinion since that time. Here they are—

"I have read it with an attentive interest. 'What is your opinion of it?' you ask. And knowing my opinions on the subject of slavery, and the embodiment of those principles which I have so long supported, in favour of that peculiar institution, you may have pre-

pared your mind for an indirect answer. This my consciousness of its truth would not allow in the present instance. The book is a truthful picture of such life, with the dark outlines beautifully portrayed; the life, characteristics, grotesque incidents, and the dialogic; is life itself reduced to paper by an uncommon hand."

"In her appendix she evades the question, whether it is founded upon actual scenes or the fiction of imagination, but says there are many counterparts, &c. &c. In this she is correct beyond a doubt. Had she changed the picture of Legree on Red River for that of Thomas Legree on James Island, South Carolina, she could not have drawn a more admirable portrait. I am led to question whether she had not some knowledge of this beast . . . as he is known to be, and made the transposition for effect."

"My position, in connexion with an *extreme* party, would constitute a restraint to the full expression of my feelings against many bad effects of the institution. I have studied slavery in all its different phases—more than many have supposed—been thrown in contact with the negro in different parts of the world, and made it my aim to study his nature, as far as my limited abilities would give me light; and whatever my opinions may have been, they were based upon what I supposed to be honest conviction."

"An institution which now holds the great and most momentous question of our federal well-being

should be approached with great care. Southerners should seek out their own interests, ask themselves what they are, who are affecting them, and if bad laws do not make *bad* power? They should inquire if they were safe under such power, let right and justice govern, and act to restrain the 'bad master' who renders their defence unsafe. They see bad men coming among them, and abusing the rights which the law gives them; and they witness the disgrace of a local traffic, unblushing in its publicity, and more degrading than the foreign, because it is supported by a higher order of civilised life. And they look upon Northerners as foes, yet never seek the best protection against 'the enemy.' The Carolinian seems to care little for these things; he views the things around him as natural transcendents, enjoys his pleasurable coldness—making force right, military importance justice, lovingly and thoughtfully resting the spell of his fortunes upon the halo of glorious uncertainty. Many bless God for their good fortune in 'niggers,' thank him for making them pious Christians, and beseech him for good returns of the staple."

"He has grown up in a mental right to his own exclusive position,' looking upon everything that is demeaning to the slave as just and proper. He is excusable to a certain degree, in this sense; for that which he has been taught from his childhood has become habitual in his nature, founding his principles

of right. With regard to the law, we have only to watch its effects upon the object to show the result, which is despoing in the worst degree. At best it is difficult to carry out the intention of a law against the unyielding force of popular sentiment; and here, in South Carolina, there is as much consistency in carrying into effect laws made to protect the slave as there is in the comic mockery of a farce-player. It is one thing if I beat your slave, and quite another if I beat my own. Thus we find the curse of slavery in the unlimited power of the master, constituted in him by the blank letter of the law, which mocks the bondman's rights. What legislative act, based upon the construction of self-protection for the very men who contemplate that act, though their policy be to show amelioration, can be enforced when the object of legislation is held as the bond property of the legislator? We have seen this interesting and very harmless mimicry judicially illustrated; not so forcibly in Georgia, for there the slave is better cared for, but in South Carolina."

"Instituting a law for the amelioration of property would seem an absurdity to many; but we must not allow ourselves to construe it in a figurative sense, dealing with the practical as it deserves, and judging the issue. What we have witnessed in this sense makes us cast it to the winds, as unworthy the people who point you to it as they would to the beautiful folds of a rich flower."

"In the force of law the slave has no rights. It distrains him as the governed, holding him in an abject, menial, unpopular position—without caste, and without access to justice. The power of the minority fears the knowledge of the majority, and flatters with the tongue while it seeks to crush the mental being of the slave. We speak of the institution separate from any natural law, as it is founded upon property right. Laws are strange things in South Carolina; very ancient, much honoured in the breach—seemingly made for the particular advantages of an immense school of professional point-makers. Every tenacious prejudice is set forth to protect a certain interest; and while justice quails under the strength of truth, an under-current is working to consolidate power against a substantive which it makes the weaker vessel. The slave works at virtuous toil, while the master grasps for power to keep him there, turning his back upon justice, and making tyranny his protector."

"Philanthropy dare not raise its voice at home, because it is unpopular, and repugnant to the refined ear. Nor can the voice of the governed be heard, for nine-tenths of the suffering is felt beyond the centred domain of the judiciary—allowing that the judiciary would regard them. The negro knows this, feels his dependence, labours with strength of body against the pangs of instinctive injustice, yet dreads to make an appeal for fear of something more cruel. . . . Do not infer from my remarks that I am seeking consolation

for the abolitionists—such is not my intention. Southerners want more workers in black humanity, and more of something else to give an honest tone to their loud and long-sounding strains of liberty. Cuban emancipation and *filibustering* should begin at home; and those who deny their part in the counter-plot should not act ordnance-master to the foray.” *

“In this State, he is an extra good master who gives bacon to his slaves, measuring his ration at a peck of corn per week. Humanity calls for something to correct this, and with it to enforce his proper raiment, upon the same principle that it is enforced in Alabama. It is the good master’s interest, and he should look to it. Mrs. Stowe has pointed to it directly.”

“Strangers may live years in the South, pass from town to town in their every-day pursuits, make casual observations, and yet see but the ‘polished side’ of slavery. It has been different with me: cast where I saw its miseries tested by the most stringent rule of law, and witnessing the coarse mendacity of the slave-trader and ‘merchant,’ the sorrows of the enslaved, its effects upon the social and agricultural well-being of the country, I have come to a clearly-defined conclusion—it is wrong! wasting the energies of one, and the life of the other. With these feelings I am constrained to do justice to Mrs. Stowe’s book, which I consider

* One of the greatest public opponents of the annexation of Cuba noted the part of ordnance-master on sitting out the second expedition. We are not what we seem.

must have been written by one thoroughly acquainted with the subject. The character of *Halcy*, the bankrupt master in Kentucky, the New Orleans merchant, and the subject of her principal scenes, are every-day occurrences in this State, and, I would almost say, our city. Editors may denounce it as false, and for its dramatic effects as much as they please. The tale is true! and the occurrences which have taken place in this State form a picture even more glaring."

This is from one of the letters we wrote at that time, before the whirlwind of excitement was created about this book, or Southern poets and novelists had taken up their pens to denounce it.

Now, Mr. Simms, what does this book teach? Is it intended as an incendiary missile, or a messenger to teach you the good of your own people.

It teaches that there are natural defects in all societies—extant grievances, wrongs, and suffering, produced by the different shades of material nature; but that the moral chords may be strengthened and elevated by proper government; that when law and government make distinct classifications in the social being, giving to one distinct class power to sink another into insignificance, these grievances, according to natural laws, become greater, and deeper settled in the body politic of a state or nation. The only question, then, is the effect, which the politician may show by comparative results. The author has pointed

out the evils with a power and truthfulness that cannot be mistaken; and she has left the work for those whose province it is to trace it further.

There are defects in the book, if defects we may call them, but they are all in favour of the good master and generous Southerner. The moral diseases, the indulgences, the liberties and freedom of conversation with a good master, their tricks played with Haley, and the faithful Tom and his fortitude—old Aunty in her cabin, the mischievous quaintness of Sam, are all in favour of the Southerner! The others point out to him where the evils exist, leaving it to his own judgment to say whether it is not right, and for his own interests to correct them.

When wars, migrations, and foreign conquests are going on in a distant country, we feel for the oppressed, cheer them in the good cause, and leap beyond the power of our government that we may be coadjutors in building the mighty edifice of sovereign democracy. There is cause for this! It is our natural love of liberty! We lend a helping hand to the nation that rises up from barbarism to seek civilisation and usefulness, and we applaud the genius that leads it onward. When Dickens dips his pen into the cesspool of vice, and pictures the dark miseries of life in the metropolis of his own England, we are in extasies at his wonderful delineation—applaud his mighty genius—devour his books as if they were angels' gifts

to warm our precious hearts, and welcome him to our country with a folly that made him call us popular fools.

Dickens has one line and Mrs. Stowe another ; but Dickens, though we admit him a wonderful delineator, never pictured life so natural to character as Mrs. Stowe has done. This Mr. Simms can find out, if he does not already know, without going many miles from his *woodland cottage*. Why has she called forth these Southern denunciations and epithets ? Has she merited them, instead of the same acclamations of praise that her countrymen have bestowed upon foreign writers of less merit ? Are we to question her motive and position as a lady, because she has given us the beauty of her genius upon unpopular themes ? The calm view of the Western world will say not !

It is because this "Yankee woman's" little book has disembodied truths that are sectionally uncomfortable, and nowhere more so than in South Carolina. Her historians, poets, and *play-writers* may attempt to repel them, but their attempts will fail harmless at their feet.

Now, Mr. Simms, we will take your review. You must go with us into the garden of your own labours. Touch not the flowers that adorn the arbour—come within, and let us turn over and pull up the rank weeds that grow in the centre. You open by saying "Macaulay, in his opening paragraph of his essay on

the life of Addison, discusses the question, whether lady-authors should or should not be dealt with according to strict critical justice. The gallant reviewer gives, as his opinion, that while lady-writers should not be permitted to teach 'inaccurate history or unsound philosophy' with impunity, it were well that critics should so far recognise the immunities of the sex as to blunt the edge of their severity."

Had Mr. Simms so far recognised this text as to follow its example, he would have given a national tone to his review worthy of himself, and free from that virulence which marks its seclusive mania. He could very easily have gone a few paragraphs farther, and given his readers a sentence from that learned reviewer, differently constructed, and fully establishing Mrs. Stowe's rights upon the subject-matter of her book. The plain reasoning of Macaulay established conclusions too clear for Mr. Simms's liberality; and, failing to throw a shadow of misconception over them, he has gratified his feelings with the following:—

"But we beg to make a distinction between *lady*-writers and *female* writers." The italics are Mr. Simms's. "We could not find it in our heart to visit the dulness or ignorance of a well-meaning lady with the vigorous discipline which it is necessary to inflict upon male dunces and blockheads. But when a writer of the softer sex manifests, in her productions, a shame-

less disregard of truth, and of those amenities which so peculiarly belong to her sphere of life, we hold that she has forfeited the claim to be considered a lady, and, with that claim, all exemption from the utmost stringency of critical punishment."

He has been pleased to class Mrs. Stowe with the "Thaïestris of Billingsgate," hurling coarse speech, coarse oaths, and unwomanly blows at whomsoever she chooses to assail. This, however, is modestly and very harmlessly blended with a suspending clause in the next chapter. We could forgive a less experienced writer, or the aspirant seeking the congenial conquest of his own mind; but in the exercise of such language Mr. Simms has openly violated the object of a reviewer, by prefacing it with the clearly conceivable purpose of his feelings. We shall not draw upon learned authorities abroad, but confine ourselves to those of South Carolina—proofs of social result, standing on the undeniable judicial records.

We will leave this language of a French washer-woman, and apologise for Mr. Simms through our knowledge of the texture of excited chivalry, leaving our readers to draw their conclusions of Mrs. Stowe as an author, and W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., as a reviewer.

"She is not a Joan of Arc; she is not a fish-woman.* She is something less noble than the Gallic

* *Anglice*, "fish-fag."

heroine—she is certainly a far more refined person than the virago of the Thames.”

This is couched in a Don Caesar-ish style. This is the rectified conversion of a Southern poet's mind in a happy state.

Let us proceed. We shall come to the material points in their order, and beg the reader to follow us.

In speaking of her dramatic talent, and the manner in which she might have employed it to a legitimate purpose, he says—

“But she has chosen to employ her pen for purposes of a less worthy nature. She has volunteered officiously to intermeddle with things which concern her not—to libel and villify a people from among whom have gone forth some of the noblest men that have adorned the race—to foment heart-burnings and unpleasant hatred between brethren of a common country, the joint-heirs of that country's glory.”

This is a common question for a common country to decide. When that fascination of state policy which denies humanity its rights shall have died away, and established principles justly acknowledged, Mr. Simms will see his error. That the book invites itself to the attention of the general readers of his own State is proof sufficient. If Mrs. Stowe had incited her countrywomen to war upon South Carolina, for some outrage committed against a foreign nation—for instance, filibustering—then the plea of intermeddling

might have had plausibility. This she has not done; and the subject being one affecting the common interests, national character, and general humanity of her common country, hence her right. The difference which Mr. Simms makes, upon usage or custom, between the petticoat citizen and the poet citizen, is a matter which we cannot enter into, and will leave for the tenacious depths of his own mind.

Had he viewed the book with that depth of thought and polish of mind which he possesses in his calmer mood, he would have discovered the spirit of its intention, drawn from subjects of common conversation and observation, truths to compare with it, and saved himself from a gross charge against his own knowledge. He would have reviewed upon principle, acknowledged that the book contained subjects for examination affecting the political interests of the State, person, and property, and moral safety—all inviting his cool consideration.

Mr. Simms again follows with a suspending clause. He says, "But whatever her designs may have been, it is very certain that she has shockingly traduced the slaveholding society of the United States, and we desire to be understood as acting entirely on the defensive when we proceed to expose the miserable misrepresentations of her story. . . .

"And in the very torrent of our wrath (while declining to 'carry the war into Africa'), to acquire

and best a temperance which may give it smoothness."

We must answer this by first asking some questions. Did you ever, like John Howard, watch the secret character of your police—go into the miserable dens in and around your city, where poverty and decaying wretchedness sits imploring on the door-sill? Have you darkened the iron portals of your "time-honoured jail," to relieve the distressed and persecuted, or the descendants of those whose name you have emblazoned in history—inquired its *régime*, and asked the hungry mortals there who starved them at the expense of the State? Scenes for your book-making are there, go and search them out; compare them with Mrs. Stowe's book, and acknowledge its truths. Have you entered that externally-beautiful, semi-Gothic edifice, with its watch-towers and parapets, like a European castle, looming above the humble dwellings around it, and marked by the singular cognomen of Hutchinson's Pelly? Or have you, like many others, satisfied yourself with the dazzling skill of the artisan, worked around its spacious portals? Had you gone there, you would have found it a grand municipal slave-pen, with beauty without and misery within, and learned from its keeper facts pictured in Mrs. Stowe's book.

Had you turned the corner of your great banking institutions, and gone into State-street, you would have seen the link of money and misery. The

slave-trader's fortunes are there, and the importance of his traffic held forth in unblushing boldness. His mode is no common thing, and he will point you to the samples of human property that surround his door at noonday, offering you fine bargains of *imps* and *aged*; he will tell you how shrewd he was in getting them through a mortgage—what he means to do with the mother—how he means to let the “old feller,” make him “prime No. 1,” and ship him; how much *clars* he'll make on “that gal”—who wants t'other for a mistress, what likely proportions she's got—how the boys will make “tip-top field-hands”—what titles he can give, bonds if required, and how he will arrange the separation without the least trouble. This is a great thoroughfare, and great things are transacted in it, “as well in money as niggers.” Some of these establishments have pens in front, and high fences mounted with cutting-glass and dangerous spikes, to challenge agress; others have brilliant fronts, with fine cushioned chairs, and walnut-polished desks, to close a view of their pen in the rear. But let us pass these, and go to that rookery of sorrow at the corner of State and Chalmers-street—we mean that of Norman Gadsden. It is more in keeping with the misery of his trade; and if he does deny his identity when abroad, he takes pleasure in discoloring his strict rule of business when at home. He will show us his pigeon-holes for human purposes, discol-

the history of his fortunes, tell us how he made his million; and from it you can draw a picture in contrast with which Mrs. Stowe's is but a shadow. There is no trouble in doing these things, so long as you are in the confidence.

Have you gone into the "bye-ways," to learn the sanctioned licentiousness that slavery has entailed upon the lower classes of your society? You would there find intermixtures most unnatural, and custom granting it no harm, inconsistent in the breach and very unlawful in the abstract; granting harmony and fellowship to constituent parts of society, and rejecting divine interposition; virtually granting a caveat to licentiousness, repudiating moral issue, and condemning the prerogative right of the Divine will.

In conclusion, let us ask Mr. Simms if he has not travelled on steamboats, railroads, and postroads, when the travelling trader was making up his gang, enumerating the number of "*head*," their different qualities, the different portions of "*prime fellows*," the "*worked-down ones*," the work in them, the feed necessary to improve their condition before he got to market, and witnessed the very embodiment of Mrs. Stowe's book?

If he say not, we can only say it seems strange that they were brought to our notice as every-day occurrences the first season we spent in Charleston. We

should not pretend to class our power of observation with his; and yet he tells us he has never seen them with as much complacency as if he were born to overlook them. There is something in this beyond our comprehension: the reader may discover it. If he has chosen to act the statesman's part, and sit in the comforts of his "woodland home," discussing those all-absorbing questions of secession, suppers, and "belly-theologies," so prone in South Carolina, instead of tracing out the potent evils and secret life of his own district, to fill his pages with depth of character, he can hardly claim to be excused. His neglect has given Mrs. Stowe a right to enter the field; and he must not blaspheme against her labours, for they have only disinterred the things which he should have given us in his "Wigwam and Cabin." If he had been up and doing, the freshness of nature, instead of the obscenity of character, would have decorated his "Wigwam;" and his "Golden Christmas" would have had something beyond the shadow of a golden dream, saving his invention, and doing credit to his originality.

We trust Mr. Simms will not charge us with officiousness when we point him to domestic counterparts of Mrs. Stowe's book, which, having transpired near his own home, he cannot mistake. In doing this, we shall select a few principal ones, and touch them as lightly as possible, first noticing how negroes are brought into trouble. We can only give a synopsis of

each case; and the reader must excuse us for not giving them in detail, for we are limited in space.

The police system, based upon espionage, gives its officers power to exert their ingenuity in the tricks of office to extort fees; it is brought to bear upon the poor white as well as the black, though with more stringency upon the latter. None will deny this, because it is carried out against party comment. This is through the influence of an elective franchise, conducted upon the worst relics of an English system, and swayed by money power. The secret workings and traps to get negroes into trouble for the purpose of extorting a fee has been carried on with shameless disregard for many years; and it only requires a little attention on the part of Mr. Simms to become acquainted with its history: common conversation in Charleston will disclose it. If he requires more particular evidence, we will point him to G. W. Reynolds' speech at Hibernian Hall, and the testimony of a writer in the *Charleston Courier*, signing himself a "Responsible Citizen," September —, 1852. We will cite two or three passages from the writer's article, which display a keen knowledge of the glaring practices. Speaking of the men who abuse slaves, and the demoralising traffic of liquor-sellers, &c. &c., he says, "At no period has it influence upon our slave population been more palpable or more dangerous; at no period has the municipal administration been so vil-

fully blind to these corrupt practices, or so lenient and forgiving when such practices are exposed. The class to which we refer are unswerving supporters of our present mayor."

Considering the excitable character of society, these exceptions of independence speak volumes. We give them because Mr. Simras has dwelt at length upon a particular force of law, which we contend has little to do with justice in South Carolina. They are themes which Mrs. Stowe has entirely overlooked, and which despoil the negro, and bring him to a worse state of suffering than she has depicted. The negro is corrupted by rum-sellers, made a "bad nigger," neglecting the commands of his master, who in turn inflicts the severest punishment; while the law, instead of being enforced, remains an accommodating medium for the malefactor. No dealer can sell liquor to a negro unless he have an order from a *white* man, without violating the law; but to continue his avaricious purpose he makes it a matter of dollars and cents with the policeman, who has an ultimate object—gets pay for arresting and punishing the negro, and reaps a double interest. Common-sense can trace this to a defective system, which is destroying the social condition of the lower classes, and gives broad license to unprincipled men to abuse the abject negro. Again the writer says, "We have at this moment in our possession a certificate from a citizen, sworn to before Mr.

Giles, the magistrate, declaring that he, the deponent, heard one of the city police-officers (Sharlock) make a demand for money upon one of these shopkeepers, and promised that, if he would pay him five dollars at stated intervals, 'none of the police-officers would trouble him.' "

Mrs. Stowe has only aimed *here*, in passages where she attempts to show the standard of morality.

We have seen fifty cases. For Mr. Simms's benefit, see *Oland v. State of South Carolina*, who paid police-officers one hundred and forty dollars in the space of six months for allowing him to violate the statutes; and, because he refused to pay an exorbitant sum to *continue*, was accommodated with a short residence in jail, to wink at justice. Again, we have seen an officer take two dollars from a negro to spare him from the handcuffs, while he was committing him to jail, and reported it to a judicial magistrate. We have heard a guardman, after *bell-ring*, call a negro from the limits of his master's gate, on a pretext of showing him something, arrest him, and extort a dollar from him, then pass into a *rum-shop* and drink with his comrade. Could anything be more despicable? and yet the negro's testimony is black, consequently invalid; and he must be dragged to the guard-house, and *pad-dled* at the workhouse in the morning, unless his master appears for him and puts down the fee. This reverts to another difficulty between the slave and

his master; for in nine cases out of ten the master will credit the statement of the guardman in preference to the slave's explanation of circumstances.

Let us give a ridiculous instance, which took place not a short time since. A wealthy but not very temperate gentleman had become jollily inebriated, and strayed from his domestic affections on a rainy night. His better half became alarmed, and despatched Jake (pass in hand), who found his lord and master in very comfortable quarters, about twelve o'clock at night. After considerable persuasion mas'r agreed to leave the denizens and accompany Jake to his happy home. They had not gone far before it was evident Jake had a task in hand; for his lord could neither keep an upright, get his sea-legs, or navigate the uprising breakers of the side-walk: in a word, he was respectably "done gone," as the negro calls it. Jake had played tricks on "massa wh, an' know'd 'is natur like a book;" but he was faithful in an emergency, and at length shouldered massa. It rained "like guns," and massa was big and heavy. After carrying him to the corner of King and Market streets, he was "outdid," and compelled to drop him on the side-walk. Here he remained for some minutes, watching the toddied cars of his master. The guardman, in his round, found Jake attempting another tug at "done gone massa," and, instead of assisting to get massa home, demanded his pass

Jake had lost his pass ; and his story, being black, was useless, even with the strength of circumstances, and he was dragged off to the lock-up. The guardman returned to the storm-stayed master, and, recognising him as a scion of wealth, took him home ; and while mas'r was taking long comfort in the morning, Jake was getting his paddles at the workhouse. The trouncing did not stop here ; for the guardman, who notified in the morning, reported adverse to Jake's fidelity, stating that he (Jake) was picked up some distance from the scene in a state of inebriation himself. The statement was white, consequently valid and sufficient ; and to punish such mischievous tricks, massa just gave Jake a "couple a dozen" real stingers with the family cow-hide.

The artifices resorted to by the police are innumerable, distorting the negro's feelings, and violating his rights. This arises from the construction and bad administration of laws which reduce the negro to an abject condition, where he must bear the burden of all their defects. Mrs. Stowe has shown this with vivid effect, and pointed it out on a grand scale.

These are truths in full flower in Mr. Simms' own "blooming garden of freedom," untouched by himself but cultivated by Mrs. Stowe.

As we continue, we shall show that this great foundation of law, upon which Mr. Simms has built his "Southern View," is unsound ; and that there

is a wide difference between the statute existence of law and the administration of justice in slave States. We shall show him that a poor man's justice is a poor affair in South Carolina—that purse, power, and *point* of position have much to do in withholding the ends of justice—that those antiquated relics of England's younger days are ill-adapted to the progress of civilisation, complex, uncertain, burdening justice, and oppressing the poor; that they shield unmanliness, make the *privileged* citizen a positive and the other a negative being, giving one man power to exercise his vindictive feelings upon another. This done, we shall leave the reader to judge what the position of the negro, who is held as property in the estimation of law and custom, must be, and what he has to expect from Mr. Simms's sovereign law.

In answer to his remarks on the miserable condition of the poor in Northern cities, we will refer him to a few incidents, forming parts of what came under our observation in his own city; and if he had gone with us into those miserable shelters we have spoken of, he would have found many such.

1st. A young man from the North, failing to procure work, and out of money, was driven from house to house without friends. He became sick, and would have died in the street, but for the timely sympathy of a poor negro woman, who gave him a shelter under

her roof, nursed him, and shared her coarse meal with him; and when he recovered, her husband procured him a passage to his native State. He found neither hospitality nor friendship among those who make it their loudest boast. But true kindness awaited him under that humble shelter, where the negro was his friend, and, as a last token of his sincerity, bore his trunk to the vessel upon his head, and bade him a friendly adieu, asking no other recompense than that which Heaven can give. That young man now holds a respectable position at the North, and has rewarded the kindness of his "*nigger*" friends.

The things that we shall refer to may be considered exceptions by the distant reader. If they were, we could easily excuse them. They are things of everyday occurrence, and we pity the society that boasts of its generosity while allowing them to exist in such shameful boldness.

2nd. A poor artist, with a wife and two small children, living in a desolate room, reduced by sickness and want of employment to the worst stage of suffering necessity—his wife appealing at aristocratic doors for charity, and turned away with a cold repulse—going to a prison and begging a loaf of bread for her suffering children, and at length driven to crime; and while in this miserable condition, an officer entering their habitation with a "distress-warrant," and to make the group more pitiable, dragging off their bodies

and a few chairs. [This is not law, but a species of tolerated injustice, practised every day by the very servants of the law. For evidence of this, we can refer him to the generous magistrate who saved their effects from "a constable's sale in the market"—not to satisfy a rich landlord, but to oke out a fee. But it is not ended here. To crown the point of hospitality, when he recovered, and appealed to the commissioners of the poor, not for admittance into the poor-house, for that is considered a hospitality worthy of lengthy consideration, but for immediate relief, and after waiting nearly ten days, passing through resolves and re-resolves, he was granted a few dollars, with a provision that it be toward his passage-money to carry him beyond the limits of the State, which it was stipulated he should leave at once.

We have gone into his own happy State—his "blooming garden of freedom"—to point him to things that he has neglected; while saying that they could not exist there, he has pointed us to the North for objects of misery. We can only say, we witnessed a worse state of wretchedness among the poor whites in Charleston than could exist at the North—things discreditable to an opulent public, and which Mr. Simms has merited censure for overlooking.

3rd. A man whose name is familiar to Mr. Simms, and who once enjoyed an affluent style of living, dying a haunted death in a filthy chamber in King;

street, without a friend to raise a hand for him, and two strangers taking from their meagre pockets to minister to his last suffering. Look to these things, Mr. Simms: there is more distress in your voluptuous city than you are aware of. Trace it to its cause, and institute a remedy; it should not be tolerated in a small population like yours.

4th. With reference to another question, if Mr. Simms had gone to the jail, he would have found truths occupying a large space in Mrs. Stowe's book. He would have found that establishment used for various purposes not consonant with the law. He would have seen suffering and oppression in all its various shades—the petty tyranny of magistrates, abuse of power, and violation of justice in its worst form. He would have found it turned into a house of speculation for the interests of a modern Shylock, who speculates upon the hunger of human beings. How is this?

The Act of the Georgia Legislature provides forty-four cents a day for the maintenance of prisoners in jail awaiting trial, &c. &c., with a stipend regulating the food in her penitentiary. This, so far as our observation has gone, is carried out in accordance with the Act; and the jail in Savannah being a municipal institution, is regulated by the city authorities. In South Carolina it is different; the Legislature providing only thirty cents a day, with a stipend in regard to the

quality of bread and meat. This is for the white man; eighteen cents being allowed for the negro, who receives his amount in hominy. Thus the difference between a black appetite and a hungry white man. Even this small allowance, were it carried out in accordance with the law, might appease the demands of hunger; but this is not the case. Charleston being blessed with two sheriffs, the city and county sheriff, there exists an uncertain question of right to the spoils, very similar to that which her people hold upon State sovereignty and federal power. But the institution belonging to the State—and having no “penitentiaries”—is held by the county sheriff as in times of old, and he constituted lord warden over the whole. Thus it stands, a monument of peculation for those whom the law has empowered; and custom has sanctioned it as a right. An incurious public look upon those who get into such places as beyond the pale of notice. The spoils belong to the empowered; and in the absence of jail-committee, Attorney-General, or a conservative regulator, reaps his thousands from the spoliation of food. England established this system, and South Carolina continues it.

Here, Mr. Simms, are scenes for your labours; enter among them, and correct your “Southern View” of Mrs. Stowe’s book.

The voice of South Carolina calls loudly against the injustice of her son being imprisoned in Batavia, and

waiting five months for a trial. How is it at home? In her jails are men who, committed without a hearing, have lain there five, six, and seven months awaiting a trial—suffering for bread, destitute, crying hunger; lying down upon a coarse blanket (the State's own) in the afternoon, and dreaming of food and its enjoyments, to wake to the disappointment of a dream—to know that they would receive a bit of bread only, at eight o'clock the next morning! Oh, proud State! These very men are incarcerated without a hearing, and confined in the fourth story, in badly ventilated cells, suffering the sweltering influences of an unhealthy climate, and waiting five, six, seven, and eight months to be discharged by the grand jury, or get a hearing before the sessions; the city court seeming to have little jurisdiction over those who fall into the hands of the county sheriff. Circumstances of right or wrong should always claim the attention of a hospitable people for the incarcerated, and hear his case. This is punishing the innocent according to usage, and upon the same principle that Mr. Simms would find no poetry in the negro's cause, and would not listen to the story of his wrongs, because some rich man said he was a bad nigger.

Now, Mr. Simms, go into that institution, and you will find the noble-hearted jailer, who gets but a paltry pittance for his labour, acting the part of a father, a physician, a penitentiary-keeper, and a jailer. Now will

Ask him, while struggling to raise his family in the same sphere of morality that has marked him through life, taking the bread from his own table to relieve the suffering of those around him. Ask him for a history—he will point you to the scenes which are disclosed to the letter in Mrs. Stowe's book. He can give you his experience in punishments as a mere matter of business. Turn to the records of the jail, and you will find fifty-four coloured seamen (mostly British seamen) imprisoned in one year, on that singular charge, "contrary to law." It is said that Britons never will be slaves; yet your State reduces them to the same state, and offers as an apology that they are coloured Britons. Ask who gets the immense fees that accrue from it; and if it is right, because of the influence without. Why put them with "bad niggers" within? The tenacity holding these things as rights, may be reasoned down to a small point of slave justice.

Ask the jailer what his moral character has done for him, in the light of contrast with those who lend a control over him, and then establish your philosophy of "moral sentiment."

The power of magistracy is a petty sovereignty in Charleston. One man having a difficulty with another, gets a warrant from a magistrate; and, without regard to the offending party, he is incarcerated without a hearing, notwithstanding the face of the warrant contains

the usual clause, "Bring the body before me." There is a fee-secret in this which Mr. Simms has never troubled his head to solve. In this position the incarcerated has the alternative of giving bail if he has friends, or settling according to the stipulation of the party incarcerating. Thus one man has power to vent his feelings upon another; and the justice, being a participant, settles the affair upon certain conditions, and charges the "fees to the State." The same justice will bring a "cross-warrant;" and both parties being incarcerated, they can amuse their antagonistical feelings upon an agreed point honourable to both, pay the justice, be friends again, and come out—"fees charged to the State."

We could enumerate to any extent, citing cases that came under our observation. This is not law; it is tolerated injustice, protected by a wanton inattention. See records; and refer to Colonel R. W. S——, a gentleman of high standing at the Charleston bar, the only person who has shouldered the Attorney-General's business, and become interested in the removal of such grievances, and, strange as it may seem to the distant reader, has made himself generally unpopular by so doing.

5th. In the case of *Hewett v. State*, is a valuable instance of a poor man's justice in South Carolina. Hewett, formerly steward on board the steamship *David Brown*, is committed upon the charge of de-

framing "Johnson" to the amount of "three ten-cent pieces." The object is clearly malicious; yet he is denied a hearing, and compelled to lay in jail nearly four months, without money or friends. Finally, as a matter of compromise, he is offered the alternative of leaving the State, or waiting three months longer for a hearing before the sessions. How is he to leave the State? He has no money; and the order requires two officers to guard him to the ship or steamboat, and see him safe out of sight, for which they demand a dollar each. In this instance, the man became the drudge of the jail, at a dollar a week, and, with the assistance of the good-hearted jailer, procured the means to pay his passage to Wilmington. See records.

In another case, a gentleman is dragged from his room at the A——n Hotel, where he had put up while passing through Charleston to his home in New Orleans, and incarcerated. This was for a rebuke given to a person attached to the house. A meddling justice was present at the moment—issued a warrant, and, notwithstanding the gentleman's strong appeal for a hearing, or time to get bail, was marched off to jail instantaneously. His lady, with true womanly energy, enlisted the interposition of several popular gentlemen, who took up the matter, and, finding he was a person of position, procured his release as quietly as possible. In the presence of several persons, of which we were one, he appealed to the magistrate, inquiring if such

was law and justice in South Carolina; and after several attempts to evade a direct answer, he rejoined by saying it was a right justice in South Carolina had. This case cannot be mistaken, and is only one among the many. Turn your pen upon it, Mr. Simms—root a tyranny that sets law and justice at defiance, before you bring up the strength of law to condemn Mrs. Stowe's book.

6th. A gentleman of the legal profession, but from the North, is insulted in the street by a "true Carolinian;" the guard interpose, and, coming under that department, the matter is brought before the mayor. His Honour, viewing it as a small matter, very properly dismissed it without costs. This was not the beginning of the end. The true Carolinian, who was the offending party, procured a warrant from a "justice," and had the other incarcerated for assault and battery; and this, without granting him a hearing or giving him an opportunity to procure bail. Here he remained for weeks, among the lowest criminals, and would have remained for months, had it not been for the kindly interposition of the member of the bar to whom we have before referred, who procured his release through the Attorney-General. That young man was subject to the meanest impositions in South Carolina; but in his native city he holds a responsible appointment under the Governor of the State.

7th. A magistrate issues a "peace-warrant" upon

the slightest pretext. This is done upon parties who are held as having no position; and, being poor, they must go to jail without a hearing. After a certain duration, the same magistrate will intercede for them, and, on payment of an attorney's fee—for they always associate the office with the legal profession, and work upon two distinct angles—can procure his release. If he has no money, he has the point of option before him—"leave the State," or remain in durance vile "a year and a day." An instance is known where a young man was kept in jail several successive years and days by this process, merely to gratify the feelings of a relative, and finally despatched his tortured existence by committing suicide in prison.

These grievances exist in full force in your own "blooming garden of freedom," Mr. Simms; and we have witnessed the amount of suffering they entail upon dependent families with pained feelings.

Husbands put their wives in jail to please their fancy, and wives do the same, *vice versa*, all through the medium of a magistrate, who gets his retainer, and charges the "fees to the State." We know an instance where a woman committed her husband five times in a few weeks for intoxication. The State was debited with the fees. And, notwithstanding the gallantry and chivalry of South Carolina, ladies are imprisoned for debt, and have to remain in durance among the sterner sex and low criminals weeks, months, and per-

haps years, as the case may be. We know a beautiful instance which took place the present year, where a lady attempted to scale the walls, but made a singular escape *through* the modesty of the defendant's Attorney, clearing the city just in time to save herself from the hands of the sheriff.

8th. Men serve their sentences, and are arrested upon a peace-warrant for the same offence before they have escaped the prison-doors, are re-committed, and must remain a year and a day, or leave the State. See cases, "Miller v. —," "Comens v. —," "Kelly v. —;" the first was an inoffensive old man, who had been attached to the custom-house for a great many years. Everybody said it was a shame, but nobody acted to relieve him. The others were lads, and left the State in accordance with the majesty of the law.

Mr. Simms may meet us with that general rejoinder which greets those who "interfere" with a master when unlawfully punishing his negro, "It is none of your business." But we are among the "flowers" of his own "blooming garden;" and we shall confine ourselves to the black ones, showing what they are.

This is a very profitable business for the county sheriff and the magistrates, but hard amusement for those who are compelled to suffer in their cells, through the most dangerous season, waiting for the October term of the court—especially when the members of the

bar have power to postpone the sitting of the court a few weeks for their own accommodation.

9th. Here men are found nearly naked, having sold their clothes and little effects to procure the means to sustain life—men who were committed upon suspicion of trifling offences, and had waited in jail six and seven months without a hearing. See the cases of Bergen and Quail. In fact, so little attention is paid by the public to what is going on within their institutions that, a few years ago, a well-known Jew was appointed jail-master by the sheriff, and, instead of respecting the duties of his office, prohibited liquor from without and opened a bar-room within, selling the poisonous drug to the poor prisoners at an exorbitant price, and taking their little jewellery and clothing at a paltry pittance, in return. This gentleman (Tobias) now enjoys his wealth thus made, with as much importance as the straightforward merchant. We called this poor men's justice when we were in Charleston, and we call it the same now.

Now, if we take into consideration that a judicial magistrate forms the highest tribunal by which a negro can be tried, except in capital crimes, when he is honoured with a board of three or five freeholders, we may form some estimation of the justice that awaits him. Mrs. Stowe made an error when she said, "Thank God, the slave-trade has been abolished!" and Mr. Simms made a fatal one when he founded his

review upon the law and the penitentiaries—he forgot that South Carolina had none of the latter.

The reader may ask us, Why are men kept starving? You said the State allowed thirty cents a day. We answer, it is upon the same principle that laws are made to protect the slave, and remain a dead letter upon the statutes. The prisoner gets what is called a pound of bread and a pound of meat—the former tolerable, and the latter unfit* for human beings. The bread costs three, and the meat five cents per pound, as per contract. But as no provision is made for him to cook his meat, he is forced to the necessity of accepting a pint of something called soup—reducing the cost of his allowance to six and a quarter ($6\frac{1}{4}$) cents per day, leaving a profit of thirteen and three-quarter ($13\frac{3}{4}$) cents per head for somebody.

The negro gets neither bread nor meat, but is fed at a cost of about four cents a day, and he must be contented at that, or he gets thirty-nine of something not exactly suitable to the appetite. Now, these are gross wrongs, and could not exist in any other “blooming garden” than Charleston—Mr. Simms’s own home. They are very unpopular themes to touch, it is true; yet a strange voice sounded them in the

* Those who have travelled in the South know what the quality of meat is in its best condition. And when we tell the reader that good meat cannot be purchased in the Charleston market at less than fifteen and eighteen cents per pound, and the contract for the jail is made at five cents a pound, he may judge how far suitable it is for human beings imprisoned in our unhealthy climate.

executive ear a few months ago, and, honour to the awakening spirit of Governor Means! he called for a statement, propounding fourteen questions. The question is, did he receive it as per records? We hope the mere question will suffice for those whose business it is to look after such flagrant abuse of power.

On reading a Charleston paper, a few days ago, we were much pleased to find that the grand jury, after a century of abuses, had come to the grave consideration of making a presentment of these things; but, lest they should personally offend, exonerated the peculating party, and charged the blame to the sovereign State. The jailer gets none of this immense profit, nor produces the suffering which it entails. He is poor, yet above it, and takes from his own table to appease the craving necessities of those around him. Mr. Simms should have known these things; it was his duty, not ours. He should have searched out the secret life of his own city, before he told his readers that such things could not exist there in the face of law and hospitality—pointing them to the miserable condition of the poor in New England. He should have preceded Mrs. Stowe, been a missionary among the abuses, and not fallen into those ancient State opinions, scouting the working system of a penitentiary, and substituting lingering idleness, aggravated starvation, and the whipping-post in the market, for proper correctives.

10th. We have seen a negro trader march seven

negroes, handcuffed and chained, through the public streets of Charleston at noonday; and yet Mr. Simms comments at length upon the inconsistency of chaining the hero Tom. And we have seen five white men linked in iron fellowship, on their way to the public market, there to be stripped and lashed, according to the sovereign law. The affair presented an importance in keeping with the dignity of the State, and was worthy of a more descriptive pen than ours. Numerous officials in full dress, holding long tipstuffs in their hands, and the sheriff in his toggery, officiated in the busy scene; the latter applied the lash to the bare back, apparently for the amusement of a crowd of "niggers," who gathered round, and were "right glad to see Buckra git 'im, 'cos he know how he feel." There is a singular incongruity in disgracing a white man in the estimation of a negro, yet giving the meanest white man supreme power over him; but if the negro dare not raise his hand to a white man, he has a consolation in being whipped according to the most improved principles of modern science, as well in the hoisting machine as the privacy—we mean, when he is whipped according to law. This has become a sort of *funny dowry* in the feelings of the people, and they treasure it for what it may bring forth. Mr. Simms must reason upon natural effect, learn the poor white man's position, and estimate the negroes in comparison.

Now, with regard to Mr. Simms's great point of separation, nothing can be more ridiculous than the vague attempts of Southern writers, and those Northern apologists who cling to a thread to protect their arguments in favour of the South, denying this in the face of the most positive testimony. This, to the judicious and candid mind, is adding double dishonour upon the South, and those who deceive themselves by such baseless inconsistency. The writer who shields a wrong through wilful misconstruction against positive proof writes himself down a disgrace to the community in which he lives. We all know that no slave, however favoured he may be in the estimation of his master, feels himself safe at any time—we care not whether he be a plantation negro or a patriarchal house-servant. The system reduces him to a mere chattel; and, more than that, society looks upon him as such—treats him as such, and, with the exception of his mental capacities, which are not unfrequently valued in an animal sense, and in a majority of cases, he is not treated on a par with many animals of the favoured brute creation. For instance, the opulent planter will take great care of his horses and dogs; he will have them carefully attended, well stabled, groomed, and fed; he will have his stables comfortable, well floored, nicely decorated, and well bedded. Now, we challenge Mr. Simms to produce twenty planters in his State who, on their plantations, provide

floors or beds for their negro cabins ; and we further give him the privilege of going among the most opulent rice-planters. A majority of planters will laugh at you, when you speak of providing floors in the negro cabins, and bedding for the negroes. They will tell you that a "nigger don't want nothing but a swamp-knoll for a bed, and a fence-rail for a pillow—that bedding makes them filthy on the plantation, and that they would rather be without it." There may be something in this ; but we could never bring our mind down to such an habitual scale for degrading human property, and being pleased to find it happy in its degradation. Slave-life is full of different phases ; and we should be careful to separate that large class of negroes who fill the dull and hard monotony of plantation-life from that class which fill the various phases of the more favourable sphere of slavery—such as house-servants, mechanics, coachmen, boatmen, sempstresses, mistresses, stevedores, and labourers in and about the city—many of whom purchase their own time of their owners, at so much *pro rata* per month.

In the second place, the system offers immense resources for speculation. One not well versed in the philosophy of human flesh dealing would be surprised to find what a vast number of avenues it opens for trade, and how many *poor* gentlemen get a *gentlemanly* living by it. The rich broker, who mingles in the

first society, has his immense establishment, and also pays tribute to the city treasury by patronising the workhouse. He advances upon negro property, takes mortgages upon it—sells by the wholesale, and has his minions out all over the country. His establishment is a central depôt, to which his minions bring the human material to be disposed of on a grand scale. Another will sell them merely on commission—sometimes he will advance sums and hold “the property” as collateral security; he will also rank among gentlemen traders. A third has been rather doubtful in his speculations, and keeps men of doubtful character around him all the time. It is known they have run off free negroes; and although his position among business-men may be good, his character as a gentleman is somewhat doubtful. A fourth is a travelling merchant, who is versed in the “human natur” of nigger property, but has assimilated his feelings to everything that is brutal in animal man, and prides himself in a knowledge of the material portions of “nigger property:” his is a separate and distinct system of trade—his tyranny is his boast. He has schooled his mind to various modes of punishment; and as he travels from Mason and Dixon’s line to New Orleans, making up his gang, he looks upon every addition, whether a black or white nigger, just as a drover would a sheep or an ox; and if they are *stubborn*, he will treat them as such. Though his occupation is

deemed indispensable, he not unfrequently accommodates the planter with a few hundred dollars. Thus under obligation, and in his grasp, the gentlemanly planter finds him one of the most importunate men that he has ever had anything to do with; for, setting all etiquette aside, his presence and rudeness in the parlor become exceedingly annoying to a Southerner's delicate sensibilities. He, too, has his outrunners, who keep their eye upon certain pieces of property, watch the master's changing fortunes, and report the time to make an advance. A fifth is a still more menial class of men, who take charge of a trader's gang, and will deliver it to whomever consigned in a distant market—take charge of a "bad nigger," guard him to New Orleans, and sell him for the owner. This class of men are always ready to carry out the villany of the trade; they lay the plans for running off free negroes, and carry them into execution. When any affidavit is to be produced, they "do the swearing" at the squires'. And from the highest to the lowest of these, brokers, commission-merchants, traders, outrunners, and keepers, there is a combination of traffic from the northern to the southern extent of the slave States. A bond being requisite in the sale of a negro brought by a trader from one State into another, the broker in New Orleans will sign for the trade from Charleston, and vice versa. If affidavits are required to maintain that some free negro is a runaway slave

from some unheard-of place, men are ready to do the swearing upon the same principle. The broker's commission for signing the bond is generally five per cent. The amount paid for swearing—"kissing it," as it is called—is generally five dollars. Again, it produces a large revenue for magistrates, justices, constables, sheriffs, and jail-keeper; and every broker has his favourite magistrate, who gets fat fees and winks at justice, doing business according to the best mode of accommodating good paymasters. This statute language is very simple, and the means of complying with it is never wanting when slave-dealers have such ample means of procuring proof. It opens innumerable resources of trade for men, and exhilarates dogs; one branch of the trade being made profitable for men to hunt negroes with dogs—another by men finding the hiding-place of runaway negroes, and communicating to the bond-keeper.

We received our information from practical observation and conversation with dealers and traders. One constable in Georgia recounted his list of negroes that he had caught in one year to us; at the same time he assured us that it was the most profitable business that he ever was engaged in, that there was more sport in it than fox-hunting, and that he had made upwards of 1,500 dollars in one year.

All these different branches of the trade give more and more encouragement to the separation of families;

and, custom sanctioning trade, separating children from their mothers only becomes a matter of trade which even the more refined of Southern brokers soon become reconciled to. It is astonishing to see what mankind will do in the way of trade and money-making. To see men sell each other—we do not mean because they are black, but white men (niggers)—and even men selling their own children, knowing them to be such, opens to the reflective mind a dark picture of man's insatiable craving after gold. We have seen a man of pure Saxon whiteness put up under the auctioneer's hammer and sold for a paltry sum, while his own father stood a few yards from the scene looking upon it with perfect unconcern.

If Mr. Simms wishes us to give names, we will do it; and we will give him a few brutal murders of slaves which have taken place in his own city. They are associated with society in such a manner that common delicacy has induced us to forego them; nevertheless, they are proofs of the brutality of the system.

Again, in enumerating the branches of trade which the system gives rise to, we find very pious ladies owning female slaves living by their gains of prostitution, and enumerating their increase with as much complacency as if they derived their income from the fruits of agriculture. Another *lady* makes it her business to raise negroes, and keeps her "wenches" for that purpose. She has made a fortune by it, and thinks

it just as respectable as any other business. While doing this, she, fearing you will doubt her sincerity, will strive to impress the importance of her ancestry upon her visitors, and, to add strength to the assertion that she descended from the family of a baron, will point you to the family escutcheon suspended over the mantel-piece.

Turning from this, we find other parties making it a profitable business to purchase up negroes afflicted with virulent and other diseases for the hospitals and medical institutions ; and, again, other parties are found purchasing sick and decrepit negroes for the purpose of curing and selling them at a profit. These are all species of the trade which give greater license to separation. We have seen a sick man sold from his wife in Mr. Simms's "blooming garden of freedom," and carried away in a cart by one of these Christian resurrection-men. It was a fair piece of trade. The master owned him—he was a piece of property containing disputed humanity ; and if *it* died upon his hands it would be a heavy loss, for he only had a few more pieces left, and the chance of recovery was not worth the amount offered. Business is business all over the world ; and if Governments clothe men with power to trade in the flesh and blood of each other, they must expect them to use its legal advantages, without offering an apology for themselves.

In order to come more directly to the point of sepa-

ration, and to show that the system is founded upon it, and also that the distant reader may comprehend it more fully, and estimate the amount of confidence that can be placed in Southern statements made in defence of slavery, we will give direct testimony. We will take the advertisements in one *Charleston Courier*, the principal commercial paper printed in the State of South Carolina—we shall take the advertisements of one day, and leave the reader to form his estimate of the yearly aggregate. Here, in one issue, will be found six hundred and ninety-five (695) human beings for sale; nor must it be supposed that this issue sets forth an extraordinary number, for we have been careful to select a copy of the *Courier* that may be taken as a medium. In evidence of this, several of the largest slave-brokers in the city have not inserted their advertisements. Amongst them, we could enumerate the celebrated Norman Gadsden, reputed to be the largest dealer in human flesh in the United States, Messrs. Oakes, Leviens, McBride, and others. The reader must also remember that all these gentlemen, whose names are attached to the advertisements, hold high positions in the community, and that this specific evidence only illustrates one branch of an immense traffic.

AUCTIONEERS' PRIVATE SALES.

Servants to hire, by J. S. Riggs, jun.—Lucy, a middle-aged woman, a plain cook and washer. Charlotte, accustomed to house-work and attending children. Also, to Rent, a comfortable two-storey House, in Ashe-street, Upper Ward.—Apply as above at 4, State-street.

For sale, 85 Negroes, accustomed to the culture of rice. Tenure—one-third cash, the balance on a long credit. The gang is a very fine one.—Apply to Henry Ferguson, trustee of Jenkins, Walterboro', Oolleton District. If not sold at private sale before the third Monday in February next, the negroes will be sold on that day, in Walterboro', at auction, to the highest bidder.

Valuable Sea Island Plantation, gang of 81 Negroes, Stock, &c., by T. A. Whitney. For sale, all that Plantation on Kiawah Island, and known as the plantation of Mr. James Shoobread, deceased. The place contains about 800 acres; the cleared land is superior for Sea Island Cotton culture. All the buildings on the place are new; and on the place is a very large quantity of the most superior ship timber. Also, a very prime gang of 81 Negroes. The plantation, stock, and utensils, will be sold separately, or with the gang of Negroes. For further information apply as above, at Franklin-street, broker and auctioneer.

Valuable Fan'y Negroes, and Single Negroes, at private sale, by T. A. Whitney. Hetty, a complete meat and good pastry cook, with her five children—John, a house-boy, 15; Ben, a house-boy, 10; Caty, 8; Fanny, 5; Henry 3; this family to be sold to a city resident, and sold for no fault. Nelson, a complete steward and waiting-man, of genteel appearance; Smart, 25, a good carpenter; Eliza and her boy child, a sempstress.

To say that Messrs. Whitney and Riggs were engaged in a disreputable business, in South Carolina, would challenge a point of honour, which either or both of them would be bound to resent according to the rules of etiquette adopted to settle such matters at the South. It is usual, when a master desires a family to be sold together, or in the city, to insert it—this we have invariably noticed; but that such wishes are carried out no Southerner will contend, especially when the circumstances of sale annul the generous desires of the owner. An instance will be found in Mr. Whitney's advertisement.

Male Cook, by Louis D. Desaussure. At private sale, George, about 30 years of age, a very good cook. Apply as above, at 23, Broad-street.

Likely Mulatto Boy, by Louis D. Desaussure. At private sale. Edward, about 12 years of age, a remarkably likely mulatto boy.—Apply as above, at 23, Broad-street.

This last "likely mulatto boy" was as fair a specimen of mankind as could be produced, with light flaxen hair and blue eyes.

PRIME NEGROES, AT PRIVATE SALE.

ADMINISTRATORS' SALE.

List of Negroes belonging to the estate of Colonel John H. McIntosh, at Burlington Plantation, in Florida, advertised for sale by his administrators, Jacob Waldburg, of Savannah, Georgia, and B. A. Putnam, of St. Augustine, Florida, under and in virtue of a Decree in Equity. Applications for the purchase of these Negroes may be made to either of the administrators. They will be sold in one gang, or in lots comprising families. Terms cash, payable in bankable money of Savannah or Charleston.

Toby, Grace, Charity, Charlotte, Charles, Thomas, James, Joshua, William, Daniel—10.

Toby, Jane, Abram—3.

Oscar, Belle, *Simon, Fortune, Ellen, Oscar, Horace—7.

Cyrus, Tilla, Adam, Sukey—4.

Titus, Nanney, Hagar, Tena, Julian, Ellen, Grace, Hagar (Peggy),

Demery, Anna (sick)—10.

Richmond, Dye, Betty, Dick, Hetty, Jack, Richmond, Tyra—8.

Noro, Tena, Clarissa, Sopha, Delia—5.

Quaw, Hannah, *Chloe, George, Ann, Rose, Hannah, Sam, Cy,

*Sanna, *Quaw, Bally, Lynda—12.

George, Anna, Sukey—3.

Loui (driver), Louisa, Dolly, Nelly, Lucy, Tilla—6.

Quaw (old), Lucy, Cumber—3.

Philipe, Geo. Ann, Molly, Nelly—4.

Amelia, Nancy, Cato, Betty, Abram, Morris, March, Delia—8.

*Hamlet, Precilla—3.

Anthony, Polly, Smart, Hector, Jinney, Infant—6.

*Excluded.

Cain, Phillis, Lynda, Paddy, Frank, Peter, Lucy, Rose, Roger, Kitty, Pompey—11.

Cain, Eve—2.

Andrew (Kinsley), Nancy, Sylva, Jacob, Adam, Edward, Martha—7.

Tyra, Fanny, Rhoda, Maria—4.

Plime, Grace, Jim, Bob, Minta, Nancy, Belle—7.

Harry (old), Jinney (sick), Harry, Dorcas—4.

Stephen, Rosette, *Adam, *Louisa, *Louisa, *Sam—6.

Jim, Fontimur—2.

Jim (carpenter), Anna, Sinfair, Betty, Daniel, Rose, Pindar, Elizabeth, Theodore—9.

Beckey, Joseph, John (invalid), Elsey, John, Mary, Rachel, Polly—8.

Isaac, Tona, Andrew, Isaac, Solomon—5.

Cora, Pizaro, Abby, Amelia, Richmond, Sambo—6.

Edward, Harriet—2.

Pictou, Maria, Clarinda—3.

Titus, Charles, Joe—3.

The above is Cooper Andrews' family.

Dugal, Rhode, Winter, Moses, Frank, Fish, Brinda, Binah—8.

Kingall, Belinda, Infant, Sanday, Judy, Jinny, Frank, Sanday, Wallace, Lynda, Lydia, Sampson, Bob—13.

Lynda, Grace, Charles, Cy, Alexander, Daffin—6.

Juber, Ben, Andrew (lame), Hager, Harriet—5.

Ned (carpenter), Susannah, Sue, Ned, Clarinda, Sarah—6.

Affy, Richmond, Peter, Chloe, Dick—5.

*Wellington, Gilbert, John, *Jessie—4.

Eight Infants born since June.

The above is a well-arranged list of property. The reader will learn from it the truth of our remarks with regard to the various branches of business developed by the system, which is not in keeping with the feelings of many good Southerners.

This is a sale to be conducted upon the most honourable principles. The gentlemen's names attached to the advertisement are sufficient to warrant

this. They have specified the sick and the lame, in order that dealers in such doubtful property may attend the sale. They have also added eight infants born since June. This is an administrator's sale; and it would be impossible to sell such a gang of negroes from a plantation, in such lots. We also know that such advertisements are frequently inserted for the purpose of giving a delicacy to the sale. The question is, are they to be separated from their mothers, or their mothers from them? It is evident they are not invoiced with the family. To one who has witnessed the manifold workings of slavery, the scene of distress that would manifest itself in the sale of this lot of negroes could be easily recognised, but no pen could describe it.

Valuable House-servants, by C. G. Whitney. On Thursday, 20th inst., at the north of the Exchange, at eleven o'clock, will be sold the following very valuable Servants, viz :—

Flora, aged nineteen years, excellent house-servant, good cook, faithful and strictly honest.

Susan, aged sixteen years, general house-servant and ladies' maid, industrious, civil, and well disposed.

Pleasant, aged fourteen years, uncommonly good-looking, tidy, and extremely pleasant when speaking.

Sarah, the mother of these Negroes, is a good cook, washer, and ironer, and very capable.

The above Negroes are rather better looking than ordinary; and as they are not sold for any fault, their character can be relied on. Warranted sound and healthy.

In selling the above Negroes, the present owner is desirous of keeping them together on account of their past faithfulness. City purchasers preferred.

Conditions cash; purchasers to pay for papers.

Plantation Utensils, Stock, &c., Estate Sale. On Friday, 21st.

January, will be sold on the Temple Tract Plantation, four miles from Ashepoo Ferry, commencing at twelve o'clock, or soon after, all plantation utensils, mules, oxen, cattle, household furniture, &c. &c.

All articles to be removed before 1st February.

Estate Sale, by C. G. Whitney. On Thursday, 20th inst., between the hours of eleven and twelve, at the north of the Exchange, will be sold, by permission of the Ordinary and order of the Administrator for division, Louisa and Mary, aged nineteen and seventeen years, Mulattoes. These Negroes are extraordinary fine-looking, above the medium height, uncommonly intelligent, civil, well behaved, industrious, and have been raised with great care, and are consequently free from such vices that generally distinguish this class of slaves. They are complete and capable house-servants. Louisa and Mary can be seen at any time previous to the sale, on application to myself.

Conditions—one-half cash, and the remainder in one year. Bond and mortgage of the property, with approved personal security. Purchasers to pay for papers.

Estate Sale—Fifty-one Negroes, by T. A. Whitney. On Wednesday, 19th instant, at eleven o'clock, will be sold, for a division, at the north side of the Exchange, fifty-one Negroes, accustomed to the culture of cotton and provisions; amongst them there is a good carpenter. The gang is represented as prime.

Conditions—one-third, cash; balance by bond, mortgage, and personal security, at one and two years, interest annually. Purchasers to pay for papers.

Valuable Servant for Sale, by Ford and Lloyd. On Tuesday, the 18th January instant, will be sold at the north of the Exchange, at eleven o'clock, Luiza, a remarkably likely and intelligent Mulatto Woman, about thirty years of age, an excellent cook, washer, and ironer, and very capable in every respect about a house.

Conditions, cash. Purchaser to pay us for bill of sale. For further particulars, apply as above at 7, Broad-street.

It will be seen that Mr. Whitney is extremely clever at setting forth the beautiful qualities of his property. There is a certain *naïve* charm in his remarks which all young Southerners in want of such pieces of property well understand. Their intel-

ligence, civility, and industry are carefully noted, with all their well-known attractions. No libertine wants to feast his passions upon vice. He produces it, and is the first to abandon his victim; and Mr. Whitney, knowing the feelings of his customers, has been extremely particular to have it known that his property is "choice." There is a volume of comment in almost every advertisement. We recommend them to the reader's study, that he or she may know what it is to live under a free government.

Valuable Lot of Land, Dwelling House and Negroes, belonging to an Estate, by Thomas Ryan and Son. Will be sold, on Thursday, 30th inst., at the north side of the Exchange, at eleven o'clock, all that valuable lot of land, with the two-storey brick dwelling, situated on the north side of Chapel-street Ward No. 5. The lot measures in front on Chapel-street, 96 feet 4 inches; in depth on the west line, 373 feet 6 inches; on the east line, 423 feet 6 inches; and on the back or north line, 228 feet, more or less; bounded on the west by land now or late of N. Heyward, Esq., on the north and east on land late of J. L. Nowel, Esq., and now of North Eastern Railroad Company. The house contains four upright rooms; on the premises are a brick kitchen, stable, &c.

Also, fifteen very likely Negroes; among them are seven boys, between fifteen and twenty years of age, house-servants, field-hands, and one carpenter. The above property belongs to the estate of R. G. Parker, deceased.

Conditions—For the real estate, one-third cash; balance by bond, payable in one and two years, with interest from the date, payable annually, secured by a mortgage of the property; buildings to be insured and policy assigned.

For the Negroes, one-half cash; balance by bonds payable in one year, with interest from the date secured by approved personal security, and mortgage of the property.

N. B.—Purchasers to pay us for all necessary papers.

Greenhouse plants. Will be sold at public auction, on the premises, a choice variety of superb *Camelia Japonicas* (plants unusually

large, some ten feet high, with five or six hundred flowers), with the entire collection of Greenhouse Plants.

Also, the Baches of the building. They can be inspected every afternoon, from three to five o'clock; entrance on Mill-street. Notice will be given of the day of sale. Wm. GIBSON.

Plantation and 110 Negroes in Alabama Estate Sale. On Monday, the seventh day of February next, I will sell at auction, without reserve, at the Plantation near Linden, all the horses, mules, waggons, farming-utensils, corn, fodder, &c. And on the following Monday, the fourteenth day of February next, at the court-house at Linden, in Marengo County, Alabama, I will sell at public auction, without reserve, to the highest bidder, 110 prime and likely Negroes, belonging to the estate of the late John Robinson, of South Carolina.

Among the Negroes are four valuable carpenters, and a very superior blacksmith. Also, all that plantation laying in said county, and situated two miles east of Linden, the county seat, containing about 2,000 acres, the greater portion of which lies along the Chickasawbogue Creek, and is very rich cotton and corn land. There are about 1000 acres under cultivation. On the plantation is a very neat and commodious dwelling-house, with all the necessary offices, &c. There are also ample accommodations for 200 Negroes. The overseer's house, negro houses, and all the buildings on the plantation are framed, and built in the most substantial manner.

The plantation will be sold at private sale, entire, or divided into two tracts, viz., all that portion lying to the north of a line running through the centre of section thirty-three and thirty-four, in township sixteen, range three east; and on the Chickasawbogue Creek, containing 2,200 acres, all of which are the richest and best cotton and corn lands. The lands lie in sections fifteen, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-eight, twenty-seven, thirty-three, and thirty-four, of the above-named township and range; on this portion are located the settlements, including two large gin-houses, extensive barns, stables, &c. &c.

The other portion of the plantation embraces between 600 and 700 acres, lying in sections thirty-three and thirty-four, above township, and sections three and four, township fifteen, range three east, most of which is good cotton and provision lands. On this tract is the dwelling-house referred to above, the ground around which embraces a very fine orchard, garden, &c. If not sold at private sale, before the time specified, the separate portions of the plantation, as above described, will be sold at auction, after the sale of the personal estate.

Conditions of Sale.—Of the Negroes and other personal property, all sums under 500 dollars, cash; all sums over 500 dollars, one-half cash, balance in notes payable in twelve months, with interest added and two securities.

For the plantation, one-fourth cash, balance in bonds, payable in equal instalments, in one, two, and three years, with interest from date, secured by mortgage and personal security.

WM. ROBINSON, Executor.

N.B.—If the weather permits, the sale will take place at the time specified, or the first fair day thereafter, and continue from day to day until the property is sold.

Mr. Robinson will sell horses, mules, waggon, farming-utensils, corn, fodder, and negroes. This displays the grand expansion of the system. Horses are at one extreme, and negroes at the other, carrying out what we have contended for by the simplest process. Perhaps Mr. Simms has been so busy with his poetical effusions that he never attended a sale of negroes. He certainly is entitled to some consideration, for showing so much wilful ignorance on the subject of slavery.

Valuable Estate.—Field Negroes. By Thomas D. Condy. On Thursday, the 10th of February, will be sold, at eleven o'clock A.M., at the north side of the Custom House, thirty-three prime Negro Slaves, belonging to the estate of the late Henry Grange, Esq. deceased. These Negroes have been working in St. Paul's parish, at the culture of rice and cotton, and, according to descriptive lists, are prime. Amongst them are two carpenters and several excellent house-servants. They may be treated for at private sale previous to the 10th of February next. A list may be seen at my office, 8, State-street. Conditions: one-third cash, balance in bond, secured by approved personal security, and payable in one and two years, bearing interest from day of sale, payable semi-annually, and a mortgage of the property.

Mr. Condry is United States Marshal, a gentleman very tenacious of his honour, and prompt with his customers who favour him with the sale of their property. He refers his customers to the invoice, rather than be responsible for his statements, upon the late Hon. Henry Grimke's negroes. Mr. Condry is a very humane gentleman, always taking particular care that negroes sent to him by hard masters, in bad condition, both mentally and physically, shall be fattened and put in "prime" condition before they are put up for sale. All these are gentlemen dealers; and, upon reflection, we find we have not enumerated one-half of the large dealers in Charleston, who have become rich and opulent in the traffic; and the great medium of this traffic is separation.

Valuable Estate Field Negroes. By Thomas D. Condry. On Thursday, the 10th February next, will be sold at eleven o'clock A.M., at the north side of the Custom House, thirty-six prime Negro Slaves, belonging to the estate of the late W. B. R. Mitchell of St. Paul's, deceased. They have been working at the culture of rice and cotton in St. Paul's Parish, and are represented as prime. Amongst them are house-servants and an excellent pastrycook. They may be treated for at private sale previous to the 10th February next. A list may be seen at my office.

Conditions, one-third cash, balance in bond secured by approved personal security and payable in one and two years, bearing interest from the day of sale, payable semi-annually, and mortgage of the property.

Plantation at Olanco. By Thomas D. Condry. On Tuesday, the 25th instant, will be sold at public auction, at the north side of the Custom House, at eleven o'clock A.M., all that plantation, in St. Paul's parish, about ten miles from the city, near Bantowle's bridge, adjoining lands of the late Hon. Hugh Rutledge, known as Live Oak,

and containing as per plat, 1300 acres high land and swamp. Those are 209 acres of rice-land, balance in high land and marsh. On the place there is a large and substantial brick barn and a settlement. A force sufficient to work the place would render it a valuable piece of property. There is abundance of wood upon it, which could be made very available from its proximity to the city.

Terms, one-fourth cash; balance in one, two, three, and four years. Purchasers to pay for papers.

Wharf Hands. By Thomas M. Hume. On Wednesday next, the 19th instant, at eleven o'clock, will be sold at the north of the Exchange, without reserve—

Charles, about fifty years of age, a wharf-hand, with his wife.

Angelina, about forty years of age, a cook.

Scott, about forty-five years of age; and

John, thirty-five years of age, wharf-hand.

These negroes have been brought up in the city.

Conditions, cash; purchaser to pay for bills of sale.

Cotton and Rice Field Negroes. By Capers and Heyward. Will be sold at the north of the Custom House, on Thursday, 20th January, at eleven o'clock, a prime gang of one hundred and nine (109) Negroes in families, accustomed to the culture of cotton, rice, and provisions; amongst them are house-servants, washers, cooks, carpenters, coopers, and wheelwright.

Conditions—one-third, cash; balance by bond in one, two, three, and four years, equal successive annual instalments, with interest to be paid annually from the date secured by mortgage of the negroes, and approved personal security. Purchasers to pay for papers.

Horses, Cattle, Mules, Provisions, Plantation Utensils, &c. Will be positively sold on the plantation of Mr. Alexander Moultrie, in St. Luke's Parish, Beaufort District, on Wednesday, 26th instant, at half-past ten o'clock, all the corn, peas, fodder, stock, cattle, sheep, hogs, mules, horses, plantation utensils, carts, waggons, ploughs; and all the household furniture, together with a variety of articles used on a large and well-settled plantation.

Conditions, cash on delivery, in every case.

If the reader will but reflect upon such an immense traffic in human beings; and the perfidy associated

with it, he may form some idea of the extent of misery, anguish, and despair which it entails. Mr. Simms says if separations do take place, they are not worse than may be found in the military system of England and the English poor. In our estimation, this is an insult to the meanest soldier in the British ranks, and to the poorest of England's poor. The rules of the British army may not provide the means, beyond the allotment, for the soldier's wife to accompany him to a foreign station; but private means are always at hand, and we not unfrequently see the officers of companies procuring means of passage for them, and paying for it from their own private purses. The association is different in all its bearings; and the comparison should be scouted as an absurdity too vile to be noticed. But it is not the mere separation, it is the association of it: the gloomy prospect that hangs over the future of the offspring that is about to be sold from its father or mother. Negro parents, according to our observation, have stronger filial attachments than the whites at the South. They see their children put up for sale like cattle in the market; and, knowing to how many different purposes they may be consigned, watch each bid with pity pictured in their imploring faces. The mother and father sit with tears in their eyes, watching the coarse ruffian who seems proud of his coldness, while he rudely displays his skill in examining the proportions of their child, knowing the unholy

purpose for which she is intended; and the ultimate issue of her life of misery. How often have we witnessed these scenes—seen the family upon the stand, going there willingly because their owner had assured them they should not be separated—after an ineffectual attempt to dispose of them in “*the lot*,” the children put up singly, according to the calls of the bystanders! The father and mother, as if moved by sudden surprise, standing aghast, and almost motionless, looking from one side to the other as the bids passed, and watching each lip that moved to raise the price of their human worth; at length, as they heard the words, “Going, going, going, going!” turn their heads, as if it were a funeral knell, and give vent to their pent-up anguish, from an increasing nervousness as they heard the words, until it reached a frantic outburst. But the reader must remember that such outbursts find no sympathy from those who gather around a slave-sale to purchase the property—anguish belongs to the trade, but is not reckoned in the value of the property. How often have we seen children watch a cruel master’s bid, and go from one to the other of the bystanders, begging them to purchase their own bodies, and save them from the terrors of a cruel master! Again, others going round the city in search of some good master to “buy” them and their parents from master. Take the most degraded specimen of England’s poor—reeking with his wretch-

edness, and loathing even his own misery—and he is a man, and, while he has life, can work his own reformation. His suffering is not forced upon him by his brother nor his father. Take him, the degraded being of his own dissipation, and tell him he is to be sold with the beasts of the field, and he will summon his filthy scorn to repulse the hand that dare to make him less than a man. Take his children into the shambles and offer them for public sale, and you awake within him the last latent power of his manhood to repel such incarnate oppression. If anything could make an Englishman love his country more, it would be those exhibitions of rending asunder, with such brutality, the last right which the poor man claims to his child. Trace slavery where you will, and you find it traducing the feelings into barbarity : the Southerner seems to live in the midst of its most glaring evidences, and yet enjoy an ignorance of its existence.

We gave but one day's advertisements above. It did not contain a single *characteristic* advertisement of the celebrated broker, Norman Gadsden ; and, in justice to that gentleman's fine talent, displayed in his graphic notices of property, his well-known reputation for extensive dealing in human chattels, and the curiosity of the reading public to hear of his trade, we will do him the justice to insert one of his notices. Here it is :—

Valuable Real and Personal Estate, at Private Sale, by Thomas N. Gadsden. The subscriber offers for sale the Plantation (Oak Grove), on Cooper River, seven miles (7 miles) from Charleston. There are two settlements on the place, and the dwelling-houses might be made very comfortable. The negro-houses are framed, and with brick chimneys. The tract contains about 900 acres, about 140 of which is rice-land, of the first quality; the reserve of water has never failed, and a crop of rice can always be made under any condition of seasons. There are 300 acres of high land, cleared, and well adapted to the culture of Sea Island Cotton and provisions; and about 100 acres along the reserve, uncleared, of the first quality, having a growth of hickory, oak, &c.; the rest of the tract is well timbered with yellow pine, suitable for plantation purposes. This place offers peculiar advantages to one who desires to engage in agriculture, either in rice or cotton. The western part of the tract is bounded by the State-road, where there will soon be completed a plank road, which will give such facilities to the city as to enable anyone to carry on farming on an extensive scale; or the tract may be divided and sold into farms. That part of the tract which is uncleared lies immediately on the plank road; and the wood cut down can, with little trouble or expense, be brought to the city for fire-wood. It may be well to state that, in point of health to Negroes, there cannot be found any other place, either of rice or cotton, where Negroes enjoy more health throughout the year, or where the increase of little Negroes is so great. The number of healthy little Negroes now to be seen there will be some evidence of the correctness of the statement; not one death among them (owing to the locality of the place) has occurred there in eight years.

Also will be sold between fifty and sixty Negroes, very prime and orderly. Also, horses, mules, about fifty head of cattle and forty head of sheep, waggon, carts, ploughs, &c., and a cypress flat.

Terms accommodating. The crop of rice, corn, &c. &c., can now be seen, and the overseer will give any information desired.—Apply as above, at the north-west corner of State and Chalmers streets.

Norman is a wonderful business-man, and is known to be very systematic in two things—selling negroes, and reducing families through the power of his money. His composition is somewhat classic, according to a

Southern standard ; and his remarks upon the beautiful location of the farm, and its advantages for raising "little negroes," speak volumes for the trade, and the prospect of good crops of little negroes. We regret that we are not in possession of several notices of his, which we have pained our feelings in reading. If we were, we would give them to the reader, as evidence of what man can be, into what his sensibilities can be turned, and how far he will grasp the flesh and blood of his own image to appease his devouring love for gold.

In answer to that passage where Mrs. Stowe refers to the probability of poor white children being sold into slavery, we can only say there is no probability to be mooted—it is a certainty. We will not even transcend to those, even fairer than their owners, who are held by the tenacity of slave-law, but can find instances among the poor Anglo-Saxon race. We know of two instances that have taken place in Charleston, where degraded mothers have, through collusion with slave-dealers, sold their children into slavery. We are sorry to say one of them was an Englishwoman, from one of the West India islands. We can produce the testimony to substantiate everything that we say in these cases. The reader must distinctly understand that it is no more than a phase of that system which opens such infinite privileges of selling mankind that it is impossible to form any estimation of the issue,

once the feeling to enslave has begun. Mr. Simms will say these things are done by our worst citizens, and should not be brought up against us. We can only say, if good citizens uphold and continue such a disgraceful system, they are more responsible for the hideous blot upon their social body than the lowest renegade who turns its foul imperfections into an ungodly traffic.

There is a singular line of demarcation, in law, between the white slave and the poor free white; yet, in a social sense, there is no difference in the eyes of planters and wealthy people, though the poor whites try to usurp a position superior to the negro, and the law gives them certain privileges to do it. This establishes a sort of rivalry between the two gradations, in a social sense; and the *white negro* being stripped of rights, it frequently leads to great suffering on his part, the consequences of which are most harrowing to the feelings. We will insert a single advertisement from the *Columbia* (S. C.) *Carolinian*; it will illustrate our remarks, and show how unsafe the whitest of children are. We could write a volume upon incidents connected with this single phase of the system as they came to our observation. We can assure the reader that blue eyes, fair skin, and Saxon features are no exceptions to slavery.

Two hundred dollars reward.—Runaway, on last Monday, the 27th instant, my boy Richard—answers to Dick; a white Mulatto, about five feet high, stout built, and about twenty-two years old, with straight light-coloured hair; has a bulky appearance, and answers quick and short when spoken to. Gold boy has a very broad, short, thick feet.

and his hands are short and thick, with chunky fingers. When he left, he had on a thin black sack coat, striped pair of pantaloons, and a striped vest, small neck-handkerchief, and a black hat. He is a tolerably good shoemaker. The above reward of two hundred dollars will be paid for his apprehension and delivery in any jail in the State. JAMES LOWMY, Bradleyville, Sumter District, S. C.

Another very modest gentleman advertises, in a religious paper, his *woman*—offers a handsome reward, describes her fair proportions—says he has always treated her like a lady, and that she had not the slightest cause to run away, and hopes that somebody will lodge her in a jail where he can get her. We have not heard if the dogs were let loose. The men of the South are men of singular parts; and the system is a system of foul parts, licensing men to make beasts of themselves.

Can Mr. Simms deny the force and amount of separation in the face of such evidence? The man who attempts it blots his name from honest consideration, and is twice a fool beyond his own consciousness.

To show how far Southerners are held under obligation to others, and often compelled to part with their negro property much against their better feelings, we will refer to a single number of the *Millidgeville Recorder*, a weekly paper, printed in that city, the capital of Georgia, in January last. Here we find the large number of eighty-four sheriffs' sales, administrators' sales, notices from courts of ordinary, and applications for sales of property by order of court.

Twenty-two of these sales and notices enumerate, among other property, several very marketable specimens of negro property. The tale is told here : Southerners furnish us with testimony against themselves, and they must expect us to use it when they attempt to smother the truth. We will give a sample of these notices, from which, in addition to answering Mr. Simms upon his unlawful procedure of selling children from their mothers, or mothers from their children, the reader will see at once that there is no connexion between the woman and the children ; and the question recurs to one's mind, Where are the parents of these children ? what could have become of them ? The answer is, in the prerogative of common law. Mr. Love must have been a great Whig, strong patriot, and lover of genius, when he named the two last. Perhaps he was an admirer of Longfellow, and been reminded of what he says in the " Psalm of Life." " Lives of great men all remind us " — Longfellow should have added for the benefit of Mr. Love, *What can be made of a nigger.*

Agreeably to an order of the Honourable Court of Ordinary of Laurens County, will be sold, on the first Tuesday in March next, at Dublin, in said county, Louis, a boy about four years old ; Chany, a woman about twenty years of age ; and Clay and Webster, boys about two years of age. Sold for the benefit of the heirs and creditors of John Love, late of said county, deceased. Terms, cash.

R. A. & CHARLES LOVE, Administrators.

You, Mr. Simms, are not aware of the mendacity and misery that surround you. Go into that lazaretto of disease and death, your poor-house, and see what a state of wretchedness and neglect exists there. No scene of horror ever presented itself with such a ghastly frightfulness—no pen can describe it; and if we were to attempt, however feeble the effort, the world would charge us with writing a harrowing fiction. Human beings, men and women (insane), are there confined in a small place not larger than an ordinary wine-cellar, under a roof exposed to the sweltering heat of a tropical sun: in apartments scarcely large enough to contain the body, and filthy beyond description, are these unfortunate wretches, loathsome with filth, disturbing the *peace* of the neighbourhood with their moans and cries, put there to die a death least expensive. A stranger called the attention of the Commissioner to them: that functionary at first seemed to doubt its existence, at length really opened his eyes to its hideous reality, and, after some time, made an appeal in behalf of this long-neglected and suffering humanity. We give his appeal below.

Go into this deathbed of pestilence, Mr. Simms; examine for yourself, if your feelings can withstand the ghastly sight; and when you have done, contrast your institutions with those of Philadelphia; and, if there be any shame in you, let it show itself, when you realise how much barbarity, cruelty, and injustice

exists in "full bloom" around your own home. Think what pleasant episodes you have given to the world—how you have pleased your readers, and that without doing for your small, insignificant city what Dickens has for his great metropolis, and which will be a lasting honour to his name.

FROM THE REPORTS OF COUNCIL.

January 4th, 1853.

The following communication from William M. Lawton, Esq., Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of the Poor House, was concurred in:—

"Charleston, Dec. 17th, 1852.

"To the Hon. the City Council of Charleston—

"By a resolution of the Board of Commissioners of the Poor of this city, I have been instructed to communicate with your honourable body in relation to the insane paupers now in Poorhouse, and to request that you will adopt the necessary provision for sending them to the lunatic asylum at Columbia, agreeable to the Act of the Legislature respecting lunatics.

"You will find by the abstract of the Report of the Committee on Lunacy, which is herewith inclosed, the names, respective places of their nativity, and periods of admission into the Poorhouse. There are twelve on the list, many of whom, it is feared, have already remained too long in an institution quite unsuited to their unfortunate situation.

"With great respect, your very obedient servant,

"WM. M. LAWTON,

"Chairman of the Board of Commissioners."

These things may not show what slavery is at the present day, but they show what it has done to blunt the feelings of man; and this, to show that prevailing disregard of human rights with which it meets the slave-owner, is what Mrs. Stowe has done most nobly.

Mr. Simms and his class of slaveholders seem to

think that the world and slavery were all for their use, and that the sentient part of them was made to conform to their feelings; that negroes were born to live in a mere passive state, to measure time by a cricket's sound, to labour for another, and endure the sad uncertainties of each day as it came and passed upon the record of time, to bring no hope for the morrow. They overlook the great void in negro life—forget that it has no natural charms, and, unlike the flower that blooms and withers, but blooms again, and freshens when the dew gives life, dies out without prospect. And, too, they forget that they have higher obligations than those which they can serve on earth, and that there is a national honour more honoured by the individual character of the men who sustain it.

We should not take from man what God has given him to be his own, nor fill our enthusiastic delight with his misfortunes, while praising omnipotence for the world's Christianity. It is too much like beseeching Heaven to transform the hearts of a people that we are robbing of their rights, and crushing the prospect of their earthly good.

South Carolina may boast of her "nobleness," and Mr. Simms may defend it, but he cannot deceive the sensible with its vanity. It is only the cold nobleness of her admiring philosophers who have been reared and educated to enslave; and who, asserting their right, cling tenaciously to the withered maxims handed

down to them through the *text-book* of ancestry—maxims which avert the great principle of man's well-being, turning vital godliness into 'chicanery, kindling an atmosphere of human thought to hold a bond staple of human flesh, and trifle with the laws of God and the rights of man. Her people show their longing love to elevate themselves, and crush those menial wretches who live and labour as mere trophies of their will, too plainly for the latent insincerity of their natures. Mrs. Stowe has drawn the mantle from off their purposes, and set her simple sincerity against those who spread their flaming words and meteor fancies before the world to help a tottering monument of wrong, and shield a knowledge of the misery they live upon. What a contrast! How its beauties sparkle on the one side, like diamond lights worked in the fabric of something sacred, to shame the proud prospect of Southern democracy and its elegant morality clothed in the charm of Southern religion! The truth of Mrs. Stowe's book is as a light hovering over a dark spectacle, with scored and fading domes dwindling into the last conceivable perspective, upon which the world looks with horror, and hears the fading cries of those who are trodden down to earth to lick the feet of him who prides himself upon the cruel triumph. We pity the people who make their commanding intellect a vehicle of oppression, make reason serve the basest purposes, and work in the battle of modern injustice; and we pity the high

service of South Carolina in struggling to bring her sister Slave States into the war against a lady's back. Her slave nobility is worn, but not weary in its splendour; and we know not but it may serve it, and assist in protecting that sovereign insignia which covers the rude hillocks of flesh and blood that build her fortunes.

Drawing from ancient cabinets the wearisome abstracts of ages, when the feelings and actions of men have long passed into oblivion, amounts to nothing. We have speculated upon them too long; nor do we want to know what the coloured man was—his genealogy is not material. We want to know what he is, and what he can be; and, in demonstrating this, Mr. Simms and his fellow-workers in slavery should not overlook those virtues, as is common in the South, which are laid before us in the statute-book of God. But we have digressed: we must return to the book.

Does this not bespeak a reckless disregard of human rights, of law and justice? The reader will say yes, and think it strange that it exists. And it exists because men have inured their feelings to a system of slave life, and associate everything connected with labour and suffering with its endurance. They hear of suffering and wrong—men grasping each other's property—slaves being dragged off—free negroes run off—slaves levied upon—retained by stress, distress—wre-

raints, and cruelty of bad owners ; and yet such things seem to them mere every-day affairs, unpoetical and unworthy of their pity. The straightforward business-man knows little of them, and proceeds to the care of his counting-room as if they were matters entirely uninteresting to his business ; the democratic aristocrat sits smoking his cigar in the jolly affluence of life—to accommodate his good lady, he may write an order for some “wench” to carry to the workhouse and get herself “paddled ;” the middle classes scratch for a living, measuring the square inches of work in their employed negroes ; the voice of the lower class is dependant, and exercises a severity over the negro to maintain a superiority, and the press dare not touch them ; just in this proportion is the slave’s grievances left untouched.

11th. Now, Mr. Simms, while the law is trampled upon in your city, and the rights of the poor disregarded, what is the power of money ? and how are favours dispensed to the man of position ? We could enlighten you with a detailed history, but will content ourselves with referring you to one or two prominent and well-known cases : Gatewood v. State of South Carolina ; Gatewood v. Moses ; Laurens v. ——. The public cry shame ; yet justice sleeps for them, and sentences tarry by the way-side—perhaps in the Attorney-General’s pocket. When you speak of justice, remember its qualities ; and when you name law for

the slave's protection, know that you are endeavouring to impress the minds of your readers with an intolerant absurdity.

One of these men, a lottery-ticket seller, has violated the statutes repeatedly, been guilty of the most flagrant violations of trust, and personal dishonour—as several times been found guilty by the jury; and yet openly sets justice at defiance, points to his money, and snaps his fingers at the law.

12th. The character of Haley, and his association with Shelby, seems to be a particular objection, and, in connexion with the law, forms particular reasons for branding Mrs. Stowe's book as "a tissue of falsehood." Now, Mr. Simms, let us go to your own door, that you may not mistake, and point you to pictures of perdition set forth in Mrs. Stowe's book. They are Bob Austin, Bob Adams, and Bunney "on Santee." The transactions of the latter would outshine those of Haley, while the mendacity of the former has been more daring, and so openly displayed in your midst as not to have escaped your notice. You must go among them, listen to their fine-spun tests of "miserable," how they swop—"strike a trade for a gal, a prime feller, extra prime feller, young un; and an old rack that ain't got seven copper's worth o' flesh on him; that they intend to make a clare two and two aughts even." You must discard etiquette; for it won't do to stand upon point of caste. Necessity waives that;

but be friendly and sociable with them, and inform yourself upon their sacred occupation through agreeable endeavours.

The reader must note the names of Bob Adams and Bob Austin (for we intend to give samples of their bold mendacity in the "sunny city"), that he may contrast it with that of Mrs. Stowe's Haley. As for Runney, he will give you an exciting "history of his life on the borders of Texas—his slave-traffic in the Middle and Southern States—his connexions with Bob Austin and Mr. G——, of Charleston, and what a cunning system he had for running off free negroes, and "how he didn't care seven coppers for the law." He will tell you about his being pestered with runaways—how he "poppered" them with shot, "good big slugs"—let his hounds worry their "shins;" and, finally, how he applied the stock of his "double-barrel gun" until he made them submit with their eyes popping out. He will also tell you his revolting mode of examining wenches, before he purchased; frightening them into obedience; his punishments; trouble in separating "wenches" from their "blasted young uns," and terrors coupled with jolly times. Yet he will give you the whole *modus operandi* of making up his gang—very cool, very unassuming and perfectly business-like—assuring you at the same time that he is just the "humanest man about"—that niggers have actually run to him for protection, begging him

to buy them of their masters. Rumney is a right "good fellow" in his way; and you must "take something" whenever he asks you to join, in order to get the beauty of his knowledge. If he present his "flaming dagger," telling you what he has done with it, and how he defied the whole guard of Charleston, you must not shudder—rather his bravery.

The association of his trade has made him what he is, and the good traits of his character may yet be warmed into genial nature. His history of the slave-trade would make a work of immense interest. We had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and stored our mind with his choicest morsels of trade. They are of rare species, truths blooming in Mr. Simms's "blooming garden of freedom." Rumney will invite you to his pleasant home on Santee, tell you how he "shoots" his neighbour's "niggers" for hunting his hogs with "cur-dogs" instead of hounds; and how he waylaid them in the swamp, and nearly killed them, imitating the manner in which they jumped when he put the "plugs" into them; and he will tell you how, when their owners came down upon him on horseback, he presented his "double-barrel," and bid them defiance. He will, too, disclose a little logic in the law, by telling you he knew they could not touch him, for "nigger" testimony "warn't worth a ———." For particulars see Georgetown district.

Here is a Haley at Mr. Simms's own door; and

Masteries are abundant in every district of the State; so perfectly set forth in Mrs. Stowe's book, that it was impossible for Mr. Simms to have overlooked them. We therefore submit it, whether his errors are unconscious or intentional !

13th. In answer to the general hospitality of masters, and the effect of the gospel and the good mission of the preachers, we shall have but little to say, lest we should offend some more delicate ear than our own ; for although our faith in the moral firmness of Southern ministers is very slender, if we wanted a cast-from pro-slavery minister, we would send to the North for him. They soon become naturalised to the thing, and can look upon a negro as a mere animal with a coolness that amounts to philosophy. We had one of this species in the person of Mr. Good, a Baptist minister in Darlington district. Mr. Good was unquestionably a very good man, but he was extremely methodical, and became so charmed with the system of slavery that he inured his feelings to its hardships, and established several new improvements in the system. One was, that this very reverend gentleman (we do not fear to give his name, upon the principle that he should not be ashamed of the workings of a system that enlists all his energies) gives each of his "prime fellers" a peck of corn a-week ; and, to learn them something of business, he will take toll from each one for the use of the mill. Mr. Good piously insists that there is nothing

the making negroes learn to be systematic on a plantation; and he does these little things for that purpose. He only illustrates the system, and proves how very easy it is for ministers to conform to it. We make no hesitation in saying that the Church is the great bulwark of slavery in the South, and much of the suffering endured by the negro is chargeable to its neglect.

13th. We must now pass to his forced doctrine that the slave, being property, founds his master's interest, consequently he will not abuse that which is to his own detriment. This is straining probability for an issue—something after the principle that every man acts for his own interest in everything. Mr. Simms should have contrasted the subtleness of man's nature, and the power of mental and physical action in governing his purposes, with that medium of probability which hangs upon mere circumstance. This is a pre-eminent point in Mrs. Stowe's book—to show Southerners that they neglect their own interests.

Every good master will acknowledge that it is for his interest to feed his negro well; but that the principle is carried out no honest Southerner will insist. In our observation, we should class it upon a par with asking an honest son of the Emerald Isle, working his frame of bence in a "gravel-cart," why he did not feed that animal better? Upon the same principle, it would be better for his interest. Mr. Simms does not seem to analyze the effect of circumstance. We have witnessed

many instances where negroes were worked down by hard masters to the last stage of animal substance. This was done by the necessity of procuring crops with insufficient means. In this manner gangs are sent to market in the fall, with scarcely enough instinctive activity to support them. In this state it becomes necessary for the "broker" to put them through a process of physical "fattening," and mental quickening, before they are fit to present under the hammer.

Mr. Simms can find this out by stepping from his study into the jail, workhouse, or any of the slave-dealers' establishments. In Alabama, the Act of her Legislature provides a proper ration of meat every day for the slave, establishing a penalty if the master withholds it. In South Carolina, food and raiment is entirely optional with the master; and Mr. Simms will not attempt to deny the fact that few masters in his State give their negroes anything but corn. We have heard the mendacity of this subject discussed with as much freedom among Southerners in Charleston as it would be at the North. Now, what is the amount of labour required of the negro? How is his physical construction estimated, and what is he required to sustain it with? We all know how far the amount of labour is graduated by the feelings of the master; but we must take the generality of plantation life, and make our estimate upon the best circumstances.

Here we find that the "prime fellow" cannot finish his task in less than nine or ten hours; and to support his animal constitution through this, he receives a peck of corn a week; if "massa be fust rich rice-planter," he will give his "prime hands" two pounds of bacon with it. Even this is a beggarly charity, when we consider the planter's boasted affluence. This bacon is generally rancid and oily, principally Western sides and shoulders of "small meat," often very bad.

Let the reader reflect upon the natural issue of this state of things, and he will soon see the evils which Mrs. Stowe has pointed at with unmistakeable aim. Mr. Simms's fine, fat, saucy, shiny niggers are principally those presented in the best phase of city life, where it would not become the etiquette of a *gentleman of position*, unless his servants appeared with becoming gentility before his guests.

The plea of property interest as a protection is, in our opinion, the weakest that could be advanced; and yet the most powerful journal in the British metropolis has rested its arguments upon it.

In conversation with an intelligent Charlestonian, a few weeks ago, upon the system which planters pursued in the Georgetown and upper districts of South Carolina, where he had resided, we asked him "why such a régime was pursued, when planters knew it was against their interests."

"A great many planters are advanced by their

factors beyond the extent of their proper credit; and, having exhausted their means, they are forced to take care of their crop in a limited period, and go upon the principle that there is plenty fish in the brooks, and game in the swamps, which the negroes can procure and take care of themselves, after task," said he.

This was making no consideration for incidental liability. "Virtually, that he must steal, if he cannot procure it in any other way," said we.

"Well, it too often amounts to that—the system is bad and to be regretted," he rejoined, with something of a forced acknowledgment.

We will now instance a case in point, and refer Mr. Simms to proofs. A planter upon the Peedee owned a gang of negroes upon which a broker in Charleston held a mortgage. There were also several executions against the planter, and attempts had been made to levy upon "the property;" but the mortgagee, holding valid priority, acted as his guardian; yet he was bound to surrender the slaves to the mortgagee as soon as his crop was gathered. His factor had advanced him upon the crop, and held a prior lien upon it. Here it would have been for the interest of the mortgagee that the negroes were well taken care of; but the master, although his possession was only *prima facie*, his power was absolute up to a certain period; and "the property," mortgaged in a high state of the market, was at its full value according to the decline, conse-

quently his only interest was in the amount of the crop to be gathered. In this position, he was compelled to gather his crop without proportionate means to feed his negroes, and they were sent into the market in the worst condition we ever saw human beings. Had Mr. Simms stepped to the jail, he would have witnessed the comical process of fattening mankind for market, and rejuvenating the spiritual life of property. The worthy "broker," who every night thanked God that he was a good Christian, ordered the jailer to "stuff" their skins with as much meat as it "could hold," and would marshal them himself every morning—precisely as Mrs. Stowe has described. See *Cond*y and Poulnot.

Preparing the mental and physical condition of negroes for market is no new thing—it belongs to the trade, and is such an essential part of it that it must follow. Mr. Cond'y would arrange his property in line, give them sundry orders about looking smart, and answering questions when they were up for sale; he would note their improvements, and handle their parts as a cattle-drover would an ox, sound their chests with his clenched fist, and make them perform all sorts of antics, by applying his whip about their legs. We hope our friend Cond'y will not think us personal for thus delineating a single point of his trade, as we have witnessed it. We know it is somewhat painful to his feelings, and are only sorry that so generous and

truly good person should associate himself with such a traffic.

We were once painfully amused by hearing a broker by the name of McBride instruct a "piece of property" that he was about to lead to the shambles how to look and act when he was put upon the stand to be knocked down to the highest bidder. After thumping him with his fists, and making the boy perform indescribable feats by applying his riding-whip about his legs, "Now, Cato," said he, "you're a pious nigger, anyhow, an't you?"

"No, mas'r, I isn't right pious, cos I an't larned to," replied the boy.

"You infernal black rascal, you! if you say you an't pious, and go to cuttin' up any of your nigger sulks upon the stand, I'll give you thirty-nine smart. Now, see here, you don't cum that over me," said he, doubling up his fist, and rubbing his knuckles against the boy's nose. "Do you think I'm goin' to lose on your black hide? Just pull on a long face—not too long, ye know, so that it'll look sulky—a smooth, pious face, ye know; and when they ses anythin' to ye 'bout piousness, jist tell 'em yer mother was a right pious old nigger, and yerself jined the Church more 'an a yere ago. Do you see that?" he continued, taking a fifty-cent-piece from his pocket, and holding it up; "just do the thing straight up, and ye'll get that for whiskey a'ter."

15th. Another point of objection with Mr. Simms is the unnecessary brute force employed by the trader.

A single instance will show the correctness upon that point. In September last, we saw one of the dealers we have before mentioned taking a negro he had purchased to make up his gang; and after ironing him, and putting a huge pair of handcuffs upon his wrists, then, seizing them by the middle with his hands, placed his foot against the negro's breast, and, uttering a fierce imprecation, made the negro brace with all his power, until the poor victim groaned under the pain. This brute force was unnecessary; the "boy" had been a peaceable, quiet creature all his life, and spoke of good master and his kindness to him with tears in his eyes. This "boy" was from Beaufort—"sold for no fault" save his master's reduced fortunes. He was a good representative of one of Mrs. Stowe's characters.

This brute force was not to test the strength of the irons about his hands, as the dealer pretended, but to overawe the negro, and teach him what a monster he had to deal with. See George Ingraham, jun., and Captain Poulnot.

16th. In answer to another point of objection, we will refer to the Boy Peter, the property of the very Rev. Mr. Y——.

Peter, his mother, and three sisters, had been the pious, favoured, and respectable servants of this

most gentleman from childhood. With him
 advanced nature was just like many other good men,
 not impenetrable to frailty. The changes of fortune fell
 upon him, and he struggled under Mr. Simms's particu-
 lar necessity, "i. o. u." Peter was jailed for the method,
 with a pledge of honour from his reverend master
 that he would not sell him out of the city, or away
 from the family; and that he would give instructions
 to Mr. McB——, his "broker," to that effect. Affairs
 became pressing, money short, nigger not sold, price
 didn't suit, conditions wouldn't stand, and the "broker"
 played his man upon the point. Finally, the reverend
 gentleman, in order to save his scruples, sold Peter to
 the "broker." Here he went through the usual
 routine of tests before customers, such as quick-step
 "monkey-shines," knockings on the chest with the full
 force of the "broker's" fist, standing against the wall, and
 having his lower jaw yanked, and his "shins" rapped
 with a whip-stock to show how he could jump, and all
 without effecting a sale. This may seem strange to
 the distant reader, after all such means had been taken
 to display his merits of sale, and particularly his good
 disposition, which means humbleness. But they are
 only little flowering truths bespotting the paths of
 Mr. Simms' "blooming garden of freedom."

It is soon settled that the "boy" must be shipped
 to New Orleans; but Peter will not believe it, for he
 "knows Buckra unartin," but "mass too big Christian

to betray confidence so." It was too true for his feelings; and in a few days he found himself manacled and marched off to join the chain-gang. We, with several others, witnessed this scene, and our object is to place it where Mr. Simms cannot mistake the subject.

The poor fellow begged, with tears in his eyes, for leave to see his "old massa" and his mother and sisters once more. Was he allowed it? No! He was kicked out of the door with his manacles on, and the jailer ordered to put his old mother, who visited him while he was "caged for market," up in the cells to satisfy another claim. See records.

No writer ever portrayed scenes nor delineated character with so much perfection as Mrs. Stowe has done the associations of Haley and Shelby.

17th. Eliza! It seems impossible to Mr. Simms that the heroic nobleness of such a creation should exist under a dark skin, no matter what her extractions may be. In order to be as comprehensible as possible, we will point to the Eliza, a piece of property once owned by the same very reverend gentleman, who failed to make her his mistress, through her firm defiance, and caused a domestic eruption in his household. We must not venture beyond a point of delicacy; yet she was an Eliza with daring virtues. Sit down by her and hear her story, Mr. Simms; the public know it well. The cause of her being sent off, her miserable

condition when in the slave-dealer's hands, her mother's appeal, and the manner she was found and brought back by a gentleman in your city, would make a narrative more glaring than the picture of Mrs. Stowe's Eliza, if we except the child. We could point to a dozen such Elizas in your own city! How strange that they should have escaped your notice! The cause may be simply a small difference in the measure of mind between Northerners and Southerners; one viewing them as "horrible" outrages upon human nature, the other as things common to ordinary life.

18th. For specimens of St. Clare's establishment and change of fortune, we cannot do better than to refer you to George-street. Ask who lives in those old noble-looking Doric edifices, and listen to the oft-repeated answer; there is a legend in it! They tell you, "Oh, bless me, yes! It was once the mansion of the So-and-so's, one of the 'first families;' but they are poor now—it was a sudden downfall. Mr. What-you-may-call-um owns it now; they say he didn't get it honestly. There was a long suit about it; and poor So-and-so died miserably poor at last."

You will find the portrait of life there, and in many other streets of Charleston. Those noble old castles have changed with the circumstances of their owners from time to time; and the transformation meets the observer's eye at every glance, and has been developed in detail by Mrs. Stowe, who holds its secret history at the point of her pen.

12th. We now come to the great point upon which Mr. Simms has joined issue with Mrs. Stowe—the existence of a Legree, his cruelty to Uncle Tom and what would be the result if such a thing should occur under the laws of South Carolina, it is a penal offense to "run off" or sell freemen into slavery; yet no person in Charleston acquainted with the workings of slaveholders will question the fact of their being "run off" or of its being of frequent occurrence. Now, let us ask Mr. Simms to point us to an instance where the penalty was enforced? Again, he will not deny that masters have brutally murdered their slaves, and that they suffered the penalty?

We will now cite Legrees and "Uncle Toms;" and Mr. Simms requires the particular history, revolting as it is, we will give it in detail. On "James's Island," now at hand, is the gentleman we have referred to before. Mr. Simms cannot miss him, and the neighbors will disclose the history of his tyranny. Many of his punishments were similar to that of his namesake on Red River, with the grave exception of his hanging them to trees, and leaving them, cut and bleeding all night. If this be not sufficient, we will go to the plantation of a certain Mr. Butler, at Beaufort District, where transactions well known to the public at large have stained the name of civilisation.

To be more unamistakeable in our citations, we will send them upon records of court: here we beg, Mr. Simms to follow us into Edgefield district. Here the

case of Harden v. State of South Carolina presents one of the "best boys" in the State murdered in the most brutal manner; and the cause—the lust of the master. The evidence is that Harden, assisted by his overseer, took the "boy" to a corn-shed or barn, stripped him, tied him to a rack, and lashed him with a cow-hide in the morning and afternoon, until the flesh became haggled upon his back. Not satisfied with this barbarous ferocity, Harden went to the bloody spot on the following day, and again, with the assistance of his overseer, drew the victim's head and feet together with ropes, and committed a barbarous outrage upon his body, which not quite ending his life, he despatched him with a wooden weapon a few hours after.

What was done with Harden? Will Mr. Simms tell his readers, or shall we? He fled the State; and his overseer cleared himself by turning State's evidence. As soon as the little excitement was over, the black death of a black "nigger" subsided. Mr. Harden returned, gave himself up to the power of accusers, dating justice, was tried at the fall-term of the Court of Sessions, and, notwithstanding the influence of a report that the deceased had attempted to commit an outrage upon a white female, the case was too revolting, and the evidence too positive, to admit a doubt upon which the jury could clear him, and he was found guilty of wilful murder.

"Was he hung?" the reader will ask. Hung indeed!—hang a white man for killing a "nigger!" Ah, that would be a pretty principle to establish against the sovereignty of the institution! No efforts save those of constrained necessity were made for the rigour of the law, while the greatest talent of the State was prayed for the defendant. He appealed to the Appeal Court; the appeal was granted, his bail continued, and that tribunal ordered the case back for a new trial. In the course of a year, the case was again brought before the Court of Sessions, where the jury, after mature deliberation, brought in a verdict of manslaughter, with a suspending clause recommending the murderer to certain mercies. Is he to be found in one of Mr. Simms's "penitentiaries?" No, reader; he was allowed to do as all gentlemen do, and was simply pardoned by the executive in consideration of the verdict. Forgetting the absence of penitentiaries in South Carolina was an oversight in Mr. Simms.

Follow me into Darlington district, and examine the case of Benton v. State of South Carolina. Here a man died one of the most brutal deaths that the force of mind could picture. He was dragged to a blacksmith's shop, his tongue seared and almost drawn from his head with red-hot tongs, then stripped, and branded upon indecent parts of his body, and the next day again tied up and lashed, and left in a miserable place, where he died in less than twenty-four hours—a

more torturous death than that of Mrs. Stowe's hero. These things may startle the more sensitive feelings of mankind, and we hear voices around us saying, "You do wrong to tell them abroad;" but they are truths which should be ferreted out and exposed, and the perpetrators of them made to suffer that condign punishment which they deserve, for through them the good master suffers.

Where is the offender in this case? Accommodating justice granted him bail, and he is a gentleman at large, after making a short visit into North Carolina. See Dr. Boise and Mr. Prince of Darlington district.

Now, let us point to a more recent case, and await the issue of justice there—the case of Craig, charged with the murder of his slave. This case was to have been tried a few weeks ago, before the Court of Sessions at Laurensville, Judge Evens presiding. There is a revolting history connected with this case; and yet we know the complexion of society so well that we can anticipate an *honourable* acquittal, or a peremptory pardon, if found guilty.

Can the reader imagine how these things have escaped Mr. Simms' observation, that he should have made no allowance for them in his "Southern View?"

20th. Upon another particular point of objection, which is brought up in the shape of a general *pot-pourri* of characters and property interests, we will refer to the well-known case of Bella Martin.

This case is attended with more mendacity than anything Mrs. Stowe has shown in her book; the principal feature making it so is that of the *State* trying to reduce human beings from a state of freedom into that of slavery. There is history and misery enough in this case to fill a volume; and yet it lies buried among the things of local life. We will give a mere outline.

Bella, "a likely wench," lives in a little cabin at Walterboro', in the State of South Carolina, labouring at honest toil. According to *usage*, she becomes the wife of a mulatto man, and the issue is "a likely daughter." In the course of years, this daughter becomes the mistress of a certain Mr. Price, and the issue is three children, Benjamin Price, Anna Price and Eliza Price; the former becomes a "tip-top likely fellow," and the "gals" are extra fair to look upon. Hence Bella is a grandmother. But, in the meantime, "Martin" (a widower with three sons) steps in, separates Bella from her mulatto lord, and takes her unto himself: hence the name of Bella Martin. Price, the father of the three children, "dies out;" and the mother dies a premature death. At this juncture, Bella and her grandchildren are the property of Mr. —, who threatens to sell them "off," unless Martin, who is a man of "property," becomes a purchaser. Martin assented, paid the purchase-money, and received his bill of sale according to the conditions. Hence

they were his for any purpose. Martin has children by Bella; but they all die at an early age. His sons by lawful wedlock become desperate characters, and attempt to squander his property in riotous living. He is compelled to distrain them, and finally abandon them to their dissolute fate. They make an attempt to get his property, upon the plea of their father's insanity, before a court of justice. Failing in this, they attempted to "run off" the children, but only succeeded in carrying off beyond the limits of the State one small child.

Martin died a friendless death; but, anticipating the fate of Bella and her grandchildren, bequeathed them their freedom, which was set forth in his will, and also by papers which he *thought* to be in accordance with the law.

"Jones" is the executor of Martin's "property," and during his life saw it righted; but he died, and his son-in-law, Hudson, succeeded him; and, being an avaricious man, began to make advances to get possession of the "property" for his own benefit and behoof. Bella, becoming aware of this, moved to Charleston Neck, where she lived in want and misery several years. Martin's sons also moved to Charleston, where one died a besotted inebriate, and the others have become miserable specimens of loathsome nature. Another plot is propounded between the sons and Hudson to dispose of the three children; and,

by flattering Bella, they induce her to become a third party—necessary to its success. This fails ; and finally, one by one, the two sons and Bella died wretched inebriates, in a miserable hovel on “ the Neck.”

The three children are now alone, acknowledged as free children ; the girls work at dressmaking, and the boy is with a Mr. Johnson, who, with Mr. Hoppe, act as the reputed guardians of the three. And here quiet prevails for a time.

Incited by the love of gain, Hudson makes his last grand attempt to put the value of the “ property” in his pocket. He enters into a fiendish plot with the aforesaid Bob Austin and Mr. Gilchrist, a “ broker.” A bill of sale purporting to be from Bella Martin to Hudson, with the value of the three children, price paid, &c. &c., lays the corner-stone. With this Gilchrist is to proceed, carriages and other means are at hand, and Bob Austin is to run them into a distant State. When there, he is to put them into the hands of another “ broker,” the correspondent of Gilchrist, who, with the specific understanding that exists among them, will sign the bond necessary for their sale, and they are slaves for life. While these papers were being arranged, a little yellow boy overheard the plot, and warned the children a few hours in advance of the officers. They in turn, living on the alert of chance, knew the workhouse-keeper, Poulnot, for his kindness to them on former occasions, and fled to him for pro-

tection. He shut the doors of the prison upon them as he would upon some harmless animal seeking its escape from the savage ferocity of wild beasts, and did protect them nobly.

Here they remained fast, under the lock of the keeper of the prison; and entered upon the slender, by consent, as committed by Messrs. Hoppo and Johnson, "guardians." This was necessary, for they had no right to commit themselves, and the keeper would be liable for the consequences unless sustained by responsible names.

Gilchrist, with Bob Austin and a posse, at noon-day repaired to the residence of the "property;" but it was gone. They followed it to the workhouse, and, producing the aforesaid bill of sale, demanded the "property" from the custody of the keeper, threatening him with imprisonment if he refused. Poulnot—honour to his name! for it will stand as a lasting record of firmness in behalf of humanity—refused to give them up, daring them to attempt a rescue! He is prosecuted, a suit is instituted by the Hudson party, and another demand is made, with papers and satisfactory certificates; but he holds on as firm as ever, refusing to give them up until the case is decided by the court. Northrop appears as attorney for the wreckers, and, after a shameful display of legal rascality, demands them, papers in hand, for the pirates.

The possession of the "property" is now turned into

a piratical chase, upon which several expend their best energies. In addition to Northrop, Tupper appears as attorney for a Mrs. Price, who claims them by a singular technicality of relationship with the father. And finally, to cap the climax, Ford, the advocate of the State, interposes his claim on behalf of the State, demanding that these poor victims be sold on behalf of his sovereign client! Here they are in prison, awaiting the sitting of that court which is to decide a question which to them is liberty or death.

After a long history of dark villany, which we cannot recount here, Anna died in child-birth, alone, and within the narrow confines of a dark cell, presenting the appearance of a ghastly corpse to the turnkey who opened the cell in the morning. At this juncture, the "generous-hearted" Magrath, a gentleman who has honoured his city, if his city has never honoured him in proportion, came forward as their attorney; and the case was brought before the Court of Sessions in Charleston, October Term, 1848, Judge Withers presiding. The evidence elicited, the mendacity of the slave-dealers, the statement of the prison-keeper, the appearance of the children before the court, and the eloquent and feeling appeal of Magrath in behalf of their freedom, would form a subject fraught with more miseries than Mrs. Stowe's book has set forth.

This case excited some interest at the time, and called forth a redundancy of legal quibbling that would

have disgraced the name of honour in a pirate's profession. Will Mr. Simms tell us what was the issue of this long and tedious case?

The characters of Austin and Gilchrist were exposed, their testimony impeached, and the bill of sale purporting to be from Bella Martin to Hudson, and in the handwriting of Austin, by a singular incident shown to be a forgery. It was further shown that Hudson had attempted to sell them before, and that Mrs. Price's claim was invalid, she not being akin to the father of the children; and yet Martin's will, which must have transcended to Hudson, cannot be found.

The jury, after mature deliberation, render their conclusion that, although the children have produced no proof to assert their freedom, they are not the "property" of the claimants, Hudson and Price—remanding them back to the custody of the prison-keeper and their guardians. Thus, the question of life and liberty was now between them and the sovereign State; and it remained for Mr. Ford to bring his suit upon another ground, in order to throw the amount of testimony upon the children.

Polnot was on the alert, and, having no order from court, delivered the "property" to its guardians before the escheator had time to levy.

The boy was disguised, and ushered out of the State as quick as possible, and now lives a respectable citizen.

in a Northern city. The girl had become connected with a young German, who was as much attached to her as if she was his lawful wife, and would not consent to her leaving the State, but kept her locked up in his house, promising to defend her at the issue of life and death.

But the mendacity of the negro-traders did not end here; soon after the decision of the jury, and in the face of the court, an attempt was made to wrest them from the custody of the officers, and run them off. This being frustrated by a summary process, we must trace the victim, Eliza Price, to her friend's (Ashe) house, where she remains under his lock and protection for nearly three years, and dare not go into the street lest she should fall into the hands of the officers whom the escheator had placed to arrest her. How is this? the reader will ask; and the Carolinian will tell you how necessary it is for the benefit of the slave.

It is by one of those strange acts made to despoil the power of a majority, and crushing a few "free coloured" while aiming to protect the white population. By the Act of the Legislature of 1821, the power of manumission, which formerly existed in a board of judicial magistrates, is reverted to a committee of the House, and so burdened with provisions as to render it almost impossible for a majority of masters to manumit their slaves, if they felt disposed—unless they sent them immediately out of the State; the prin-

sal feature of the provisions being the deposit of a heavy collateral fund and enormous bonds for the good behaviour of the "property"—that it will not become a town charge, &c. &c. In default of this the State renders the "property" subject to escheate, and the slave is sold on its behalf without any reserve for its condition in the hands of subsequent owners.

These children were born slaves by inheritance of the mother, and had not proven their freedom; nor had Martin, by his will, conformed to the requirements of the statutes. Hence it became the escheator to get his fees, and look after the State's interest; and thus the action. Three years she remains in durance under the protection of Mr. Ashe, when, on the 22nd day of October last, during his absence from home, under an impression that the matter had ended, the officers broke into his house, dragged Eliza and her young child off, captives of the law, and committed them to the custody of the workhouse-keeper, there to await an order of sale from the court. She cannot prove her freedom, for she is deprived of the means; so we shall await the issue between this poor, last remnant of fortune's misfortunes and the State's pride. Would Mr. Ford have kept up this three years' crusade against a defenceless female, through his patriotism to serve the State, if he had not been incited by the prospect of an immense fee?

Had Mr. Simms lent a listening ear to the long

train of miseries connected with this case, and added the evidence with the feelings of one enlisted in the sense of humanity, he would have saved a Southern reputation as well as a "Southern View." He has said to the world that the book was a tissue of falsehood. We say to the world, These are the truths of Mrs. Stowe's book, staring you in the face; and before you again raise a pen against them, go to that municipal slave-pen, "the workhouse," with its four hundred pens, to measure the square inches of human length and breadth; and in one of those cold cloisters, on the second floor, you will find Eliza Price and her child. Her cell is seven-by-four feet, or nearly; and if you cannot get *into* it, call her to the door—sit down by her, ask why she was put in there instead of the jail. Study the point of law it was intended to evade, and listen to the story of her wretched life. Imagine it just as full of poetry as if it came from white lips, for her soul is white, and her lips are nearly so; then give her that assistance which it behoves a good Samaritan, or she will be sold into slavery for the benefit of the State.

21st. While Mr. Simms is at the workhouse, we cannot better answer another point of his "View" than by referring him to the cases of Caleb and Alexander McKim, brothers, who were set free by the Quakers in Maryland. After an attempt had been made to sell these "boys," in Craven County, North

Carolina, and objected to by Sheriff Chadwick, are decoyed into a sequestered place, chains seen with padlocks put about their necks, their hands and feet manacled, put into a waggon, and driven at full speed to Grahamville, by Tilman Cherry. There he was met by Bob Adams, who pays an amount of money to Cherry, takes his chained property, and proceeds with it to the steamer at Wilmington, bound for Charleston. On board of the steamer their chains are released; and while Adams sleeps, they disclose their history to the captain, who intercedes for them, and they are handed over to an officer of police in Charleston. This officer procured a commitment from Magistrate Gyles, and upon this they are committed to jail. Now, in this position, the magistrate is an absolute functionary; he has made no return of the case, and they are simply committed upon parole evidence. Thus the jailer recognises his order of discharge as positive. Now, by law, these "boys" were entitled to a hearing before a proper tribunal; but they had no money, consequently unable to procure counsel to proceed for them. They offered to work if an attorney would take up their cause; and we used our endeavours to procure one for them, knowing they were unsafe in their position; but justice had no life for them, and their cause was so unpopular that we could enlist nobody.

The official bye-play connected with slave-dealers and

magistrates would be a good subject for Mr. Simms to study. It would not only enlighten him upon the theory of moral honesty, but strengthen his views upon home subjects. But they were got away by Bob Adams, and how did he effect it? Why, he proceeded immediately on to Mississippi with his gang, leaving the affair of the McKims in the hands of his "broker," Mr. O——; in Mississippi he procures the services of a dealer in the *art*, with whom he is interested, and very soon an affidavit is returned to Charleston, charging that they "are runaways" from a *gentleman* in that State. Mr. O—— produces this affidavit before "Gyles," the matter of dollars and cents is arranged, and he issues his order of discharge to the jailer; and the slave-dealer is in possession of his "stolen property" again. The "broker," Mr. O——, manacled these men in our presence. "Where are you going to take us?" said Caleb, as the chains were being put upon him. "To give you fifty a-piece, and then hang you, you ——!" said the broker; and they were taken to the work-house, where they were confined to evade another point.

Now, Mr. Simms, trace these boys into Hyde County, North Carolina, and you will find they were free. Caleb sailed Franklin Burden's boat to Newburn for several years, and Alexander ran F. Jones's flat from Beaufort to Newburn. This is but one case among the many home truths growing in your own

"blooming garden of freedom." You cannot point to an instance where the penalty for running off free negroes has been carried out.

The whole lawful strength of Mr. Simms's "Southern View," for the condemnation of Mrs. Stowe's book, rests upon the following citation, which he gives us after several columns upon its general merits. Speaking of the killing of runaways, and the clearness and precision of a "South Carolina judge" upon the subject, he says, "We cannot forbear quoting his dictum as directly in point. In the case of *Vetseil and Earnest and Parker*, Colcock, J., delivered the opinion of the court as follows:—

"By the statute of 1740, any white man may apprehend and moderately correct any slave who may be found out of the plantation at which he is employed. And if the slave assault the white person, he may be killed; but a slave who is merely flying away cannot be killed. Nor can the defendants be justified by common law, *if* we consider the negro as a person; for they were not clothed with the authority of the law to apprehend him as a felon, and without such authority he could not be killed. January Term, 1818, 1st Nott & McCord's S. C. Reports, 182."

We coincide with Mr. Simms in reference to the clearness of the "learned judge's dictum:" it is so perfectly clear, that legal gentlemen, slave-hunters, and cruel masters may drive their points "right"

through it, founding their legal discrimination upon its *if*!

22nd. The offering a reward for the apprehension of runaways, *dead* or alive, is another strong evidence against the book in question. We admit that the singularity of this part of the book would seem strange to the distant reader's mind; but it must be remembered that castes and societies are differently organised in the South from those in the North—more distinct, and at greater variance with each other. Among the lower of them, there exists a species of desperate recklessness, priding itself in disregard of common rights. South Carolina is blessed with a large portion of this semi-barbaric species, who form a melo-comic contrast to that polished refinement so much boasted of. They are called crackers, pin-e-woods-men, sand-pit-ers, wiregrass-men, &c. &c. They are a sort of squatter ("land-holders"), with little or no education—owing to a wretched system of schools in that State—and live principally in log-huts on the barren tracts of land. At certain seasons of the year they scruple at no occupation, however menial, and have a slang cant peculiar to themselves. They always have a little patch of corn growing, and always have a stock on hand; and in their efforts to keep it good they frequently feel the planters' shot about their heels. There is an Indian primitiveness about them without any of the Indian's robleness; their highest ambition is roaming the

woods with rifles and double-barrel shot guns, hunting the planters' hogs, runaway niggers, or killing a deer.

Mrs. Stowe's Kentucky bar-room is a perfect picture of a "tavern" at the "crossing" filled with these men, when the candidate for Assembly gives his "free-will" feast.

They are sure men, and, in hunting negroes, would think no more of killing one than they would a dog. We can point Mr. Simms to a dozen cases. The planters stand in fear of them; and to punish their depredations is sure to be returned with firing the woods and demolishing fences. Two particular cases are of recent occurrence. One of them, Vaigneur, took deliberate aim with his double-barrel gun, and shot a lady dead while standing at her own door. This was done with public coolness, in the town of Gillisonville. We visited him in prison; and he unfolded to us a history which, perhaps, few in South Carolina know.

Another became so "entranced" with the appearance of a young lady's watch and chain (a school teacher), that he "brought her down" with his double-barrel gun at the door of her school; then, taking the jewellery from her lifeless body, put it about his neck, and deliberately walked into the town. The state of society like this, and where so many fatal *rencontres* are taking place among better citizens, our knowledge of the inconsistency of things leaves us no compunction

in believing that negroes are killed by such men; in fact, we know they are. We might instance the case of Jones and Pridgeon, in 1850. One negro was killed, and the other drowned himself in the Savannah River; and we know that singular rewards are offered for their apprehension.

On asking a gentleman why he offered a reward of seventy-five dollars for the apprehension of a negro, sixty-five years of age, who had been absent two years, "To kill the d—d old rascal," he replied. And when the State offers a premium for killing negroes, through its statute of outlawry, we must expect to see rewards offered for heads and such things: this statute requires the necessary evidence of the outlaw being killed before the State treasurer will pay the amount provided to the owner. This is the secret of offering rewards for negroes dead or alive.

We have a letter in our possession from a highly-respected and good master, sent to Pridgeon, a negro catch, offering a hundred dollars for the recovery of his (the negro fellow, who had been absent more than a year, adding that he did not care so much for the worth of him, but was determined to have satisfaction out of him; "and if you can't catch him any other way, shoot the ——."

We must have stronger proof than Mr. Simms has given us before we can condemn the book, even here.

23rd. We come to that point which Mr. Simms,

following the voice of several others, has denounced. The reader must not judge from the rules of law laid down in the State cited by Mr. Simms, though we are free to admit that mothers are more frequently sold from their children than children from their mothers. Means of evading the law are always at hand, and the force of necessity supercedes—even in Virginia, where a striking instance came under our observation on the 30th of November last. It is well known that common law takes precedence over those statutes which pretend to invest the negro with rights. We will instance a case in Charleston. B—— owned a "wench," and her child, about three years and six months old. B—— is indebted to C——, who holds a mortgage on the "wench;" he is also indebted to Mr. B——, a grocer, who raises the child and sells it in satisfaction of the debt, and is sustained by law.

We have seen a child levied upon and sent to jail to satisfy the demand of one creditor, who receiving his claim from the owner, she was held under a detainer for another, and finally sold, the owner not being able to raise means to discharge the second debt. It was fatal for Mr. Simms to wander beyond his own State for validity, when he knew none existed. It shows a direct intention, and want of moral courage, sufficient to give us light from home.

30th. We now come to George Harris; and upon such a noble character in the person of a negro, Mr.

Stowe takes particular exceptions. He wants a character; and we could not present one in more perfection than the boy "Nicholas," who caused the *insurrection* in 1849—a hero of nature, but not of the world; for an allwise Providence had clothed him in a black skin.

There are far more exciting incidents about Nicholas' character than that of George Harris'. Nicholas was a stooge-worker—one of the first in the city. His master, Kelsey, a known tyrant, promises him his freedom on payment of a stipulated sum. The boy labours at extra work until midnight every night, burning with the love of freedom within him. After paying more than a third of the sum, he was defrauded by his master, and when he sought for justice, denied it! With the natural feelings of a man barely defrauded of that which he earned by the sweat of his brow to purchase freedom, he became incensed against his master, refused to pay him his hard earnings any further, and bade him defiance! He is tortured, sent to New Orleans, brought back again, and yet refuses to give his oppressor the sweat of his brow. He is placed in the slave-pen of Norman Goodwin, here he suffers again, declaring his intention to die in the struggle for his rights. An attempt is again made to send him to New Orleans—he disunites the slave-traders, and swears he will not be separated from his family associations. *McMaster*

and other constables are brought to seize him ; but he has become like an enraged demon, and they are forced to capture him in his pen, as they would a brute. He has left the scar of his weapon upon McNamara ; and notwithstanding he is tied to a cart, and dragged almost lifeless to the jail, he has injured the majesty of the law. Here cruel tortures are resorted to, with a view of extorting a confession from him, which is at length done. Animal life and mental spirit are subdued at last. He is tried before a court of three freeholders and two judicial magistrates, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. A kind voice is raised for him, his case carried to the Appeal Court, and a new trial ordered, on the ground that evidence had been extorted by cruelty.

Again he is tried, found guilty, and sentenced to three years' solitary confinement, with five paddles each month. The keeper of the prison finds his genius worth a treasure, and, instead of regarding the sentence, sets him to work at ornamental stucco, and makes a profit by it. The law has separated him from family associations, and he falls in love with a young mulatto woman who is for sale by Gilchrist and Bob Austin. They go to remove her from the prison, when his soul and body again become fired, and he swears he will die before they shall take her from the yard, driving slave-dealers, keepers, and everything else before him. The mayor is sent for ; but during the interval Nicholas

calls on his fellow-slaves to join him. They seize weapons and follow his lead ; and as the mayor, with his press, opens the gate, he receives a blow that breaks his arm, and finds himself lying prostrate on the ground at Nicholas's feet. Here is a George Harris at your own door—one who soars far above that of Mrs. Stowe's book. Trace it to the wrongs of a cruel master and the mendacity of slave-dealers, and *you* have the disease working into the very core of your social well-being.

25th. As Mr. Simms has commented at some length upon her fault as a dramatist, we must give it a passing notice. It is somewhat remarkable that men seldom know their own faults ; and in the remarks upon her dramatic defects, and the singularity of position between George Harris and Uncle Tom, we have strong evidence of it. Mr. Simms should have been the last writer calling this subject into question. He must remember that, so far as the stage is concerned, rules of criticism have materially changed, as well as the point of pleasing different audiences. The rule of inevitable catastrophes in every scene, for effect, is known to have been repudiated by good critics upon playing ; for, while it aided to continue an excitement in the feelings, it confused and impaired the general plot.

Next let us turn to the material merit. The object of the author is clearly defined, showing two principal

phases in the slave's life—that of the old man passing through the usual course of incidents in such a life, the other, in a higher sphere, among that large class of mixed Saxon whose high blood cannot endure the wrongs of his master's lash, determined upon liberty, and braving the perils of attaining it. Now, according to Mr. Simms, she should have brought them into one atmosphere! Could she have done this against an absurdity which presents itself at once? The roads grading into the depths of slavery are on the one side, and freedom on the other. How, then, could she have combined the threads of her narrative upon one detailed path, and given the strength of reality, extent of research, and embodiment of the general subject, with the grasp that she has? To us, considering the subject of the book, it is a beauty of foreseen plan worthy of admiration instead of condemnation. What struck our attention most forcibly was the strength of ingenuity displayed in grouping the tableaux of her last scenes. Here the dramatist finds a picture for a beautiful *finale* without transplanting it with different language and adaptation. Put a book into the hands of a manager to be dramatised, and brought out upon the stage, he views the arrangement of characters, the quality of language regulated according to the position of the *dramatis personæ*, the general merits of the subject with regard to effect upon country or community, and the point of interest at his own

door. We may differ from Mr. Simms, though he is aware that we have examined his books for dramatic purposes; but we cannot see how a person with true dramatic knowledge can read the book without seeing the adjuncts of a fresh, life like piece for the stage before him. Each character is adapted to the business of actors according to their different ranges, and with language in their mouths embodying their own character. Can we turn to Mr. Simms, and say the same? If Mrs. Stowe were at fault, she could find no better excuse than to curtain herself behind the dramatic defects of Mr. Simms; perhaps we should have made an exception, for Mr. Simms has never reached a dramatic scale. The "Wigwam and Cabin," unnatural, with its scenes thrown in juxtaposition, characters loathsome with obscenity in their shadowed life, and language of insipid vulgarity in their mouths, to give them an epic nausea without unfolding the embodiment of life, are there. We look for a plot to give it life—we look for the points that we may localise it, and bring it upon the stage; but they are not there, and we are forced to abandon it.

Let us turn to the "Golden Christmas"—a pretty story drawn from amiable genius, to show the sunny side of pictured life—let us search among the Ned Bunnys, Paula Boneaux, and Beatrice Mayne. We find a shadow of the mere object, devoid of

language to give character and effect ; nothing from which we can draw the material of a piece, unless we tear down the whole structure, and rebuild at a greater expense than it would cost for an original. We may look ~~them~~ through ; but the beauty of character with which Mrs. Stowe has embodied St. Clare, and the soul-stirring love of that sweet child, who recognises her protector in the old servant, fondles around him in the joy of buoyant life, and breathes her last prayer for his liberty, is not there. Has he given us the available traits of life thus drawn in the substance of character ? The reader will say, No ! And yet, strange as it may seem, he has ridiculed Mrs. Stowe for the closing scenes of her book, and in his concluding scenes of the "Golden Christmas" is the most singular transposition ever presented for the reader's mind.

"Norman Morris" is a different work, written and intended for the stage. The work opens a wild field for criticism ; and our space not allowing us to review it in detail, we will deal gently with Mr. Simms, by assuring him that it never will reach the stage unless it be remodelled both in language and appointment. The hero must be a hero in language, and character, and soul ; and Charissa must have words to give her inward sentiment, pathos, refinement, and a spirit to play the lady. Speeches must be reduced, the language of deep thought substituted for that of common-place, and the call-boy's language made to contrast with the

hero's. We have done with our comparisons for the present.

With regard to the careless amiability of Marie St. Clare's character, Mr. Simms points us to New England for specimens. We have no desire to charge want of energy and enterprise against Southern ladies, far from it! But there is something established in national opinion which is hard to reason against; and even Southerners, we mean the gentlemen, really admire it when they come North and see the ladies. It would be well for Mr. Simms to open his views to a wider scene of generality—leave the picture of that luxuriant-living lady at the South, who would seem not born to herself, but to some dependent existence, fully satisfied that there were creatures springing up around her to be her handmaids for ever. Go into New England, see the energy, force of character, moral industry, position, and happiness of the working-class—the distribution of property and reigning cheerfulness, and justice guiding her on to a higher destiny; contrast it with the bloated decline of dissolute life that surrounds him, and from that contrast learn lessons of true republican nobility.

Mrs. Stowe's book is like a faltering moon hovering over his own city to light up the dark scenes of horror and injustice. Let it be the opening of a better prospect for the enslaved—like a speck opening among the clouds to let down the light of heaven for those who

cry in need. Let his thoughts be possessions for the benefit of men, and truth in concord with his style of impersonation. He must not be like Garrick, trembling at his own bursts of passion—nor like Walpole, standing in cold reluctant wonder. He must be a Whitefield in voice and spirit, and a John Howard in mind and energy—exploring the paths that lead amid benighted nature, pointing to the skirting precipice that may lead down into the dark abyss.

In conclusion let us say to Mr. Simms, Think no more of bold strokes and brilliant surprises ; let your thoughts and actions merge into the stream of humanity, and go among simple nature and be its guardian. And in answer to your concluding text—to which you have referred Mrs. Stowe, “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour”—let us say, **BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THYSELF NO MORE !**

NOTE.—This Review, with the exception of one or two pages at the commencement, was written in December last ; since then the prediction with regard to the case of Craig has been verified. He was “honourably acquitted ;” but a man, if such he may be called, has really been hanged in South Carolina for killing his slave, eight years old. A friend, a true Southerner, writes us that he bore a general bad character—was a bad neighbour, and cruel to his family and slaves ; that the evidence was stronger that he killed the mother of the child than the child for whose death he paid the sad penalty ; that he chained the little girl to a horse in the field, and whipped her severely ; but that she was not under punishment when she died.

We know our informant to be a man of noble parts, yet a good and faithful secessionist ; and he adds that the coroner’s jury having slurred the matter over, that circumstance influenced the jury that tried him. He wishes to publish the circumstance, because he

thinks it reflects great credit upon slaveholders; adding that "he died firm, expecting reprieve or *rescue* to the last moment."

We take this as an evidence that the book is doing good. It has aroused slumbering justice; and the rejoicing over one retribution should be sounded to the credit of "our South." There is nothing like praise, if it be well sounded.

THE END.

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